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HENRY DAVID THOREAU*

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THOUGH thirty years have passed away since Henry Thoreau died, his books are still largely read. New editions are constantly called for, and since his death we have been favored with four posthumous volumes, in the shape of extracts from his journals. The last of the series, entitled "Autumn," has only recently appeared, and, like its predecessors, "Spring," "Summer" and "Winter," it contains much of the author's personality, and is, in a word, autobiographical. In 1877, I published a tract on the writings of Emerson, in which, by the way, there were some allusions to Thoreau, which the Seer of Concord felt were not altogether just. He wrote me that the estimate which I had formed of his friend pained him, and he added :

"Thoreau was a superior genius. I read his books and manuscripts always with new surprise at the range of his topics, and the novelty and depth of his thought. A man of

large reading, of quick perception, of great practical courage and ability,— who grew greater every day, and, had his short life been prolonged, would have found few equals to the power and wealth of his mind. By the death recently, in Bangor, Maine, of his sister, Miss Sophia Thoreau, his manuscripts (which fill a large trunk), have been bequeathed to H. G. O. Blake, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., one of his best friends, and who, I doubt not, will devote himself to the care and publication of some of these treasures."

Four years after this, Mr. Blake began the publication of these manuscripts, the first volume being concerned with Early Spring in Massachusetts. The book at once made its way, and the editor felt encouraged to add the other seasons to the list.

Thoreau was descended from an ancient French family. His father, a maker of lead pencils, emigrated to America, from the Island of Guernsey, early in the present century. Henry was born in Concord, Mass., on the 12th of July, 1817. He went to Harvard University, was graduated there, but failed to take a degree, or earn any especial distinction as a scholar. After leaving college, in company with his brother, he taught school.

* Thoreau's Works, including Extracts from his Journals.

2. Excursions by H. D. Thoreau, with biographical sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

3. Thoreau: His Life and Aims; by H. A. Page. (Dr. A. H. Japp.)

4. Henry D. Thoreau; by F. B. Sanborn.

5. Thoreau: A Glimpse; a paper read before the Unity Club, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

6. Thoreau; by James Russell Lowell.

7. A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson; by James Elliott Cabot.

8. Transcendentalism in New England; by Octavius Brooks Frothingham.

But teaching was distasteful to him, and he entered his father's establishment, and applied himself diligently for a while to the art of making lead-pencils. He believed in his own mind that he could make a better lead-pencil than was then in use, and he actually proved as good as his word. He took his work to Boston, showed it to the chemists there, obtained their certificates as to the value and excellence and quality of his pencils, and then he returned home, not to make more of them, but to renounce the craft altogether. His friends rallied around him, and told him how fortunate he was, and what a fine prospect in the way of money-getting lay before him. But Henry astonished them all by saying that he would never make another pencil as long as he lived. "Why should I," said he; "I would not do again what I have done once." So it was, and he left the factory, and went on with his studies, which were of a miscellaneous sort, and took long walks in the silent woods. He loved solitude for its own sake, and when he wanted a companion, he preferred an Indian. The nature of the man forbade intimacy. He was often invited out, and dinner-party invitations were frequently sent to him, but he declined them all. He would not go to dinners because he imagined that he would be in somebody's way, and he failed to see how he could meet the guests to any purpose. "They make their pride," he said, "in making their dinner cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." Once or twice he yielded to pressure, and accepted the invitation to dine. When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered, "the nearest." Of course, such a man was better alone, or with his good Indian, roaming through the forest and communing with nature. He never used tobacco, but in his youth he sometimes smoked dried lily stems—this in his aesthetic days, and long before he was

a man. Afterwards, in speaking of these lily stems, he said: "I have never smoked anything more noxious."

The first number of the *Dial*—Margaret Fuller's paper, and the organ of the Transcendentalists,—was published in July, 1840. It was a quarterly, and its aims were high, and its policy was independent and courageous. The initial issue contained contributions by Emerson, Miss Fuller, George Ripley, C. P. Cranch, Bronson Alcott, John S. Dwight, afterwards editor of the *Journal of Music*, Theodore Parker, W. H. Channing, and Thoreau. The latter wrote for it his poem on "Sympathy." Among his other contributions to this serial, were the papers on the Natural History of Massachusetts, and translations from Pindar and Æschylus. He was a good Greek, and his renderings are creditable to his scholarship and poetic skill. In the first volume of the *Dial* there appeared three of his pieces; in the second, he published two; in the third, sixteen, and in the fourth, five. Thoreau may be said to have made his first appearance as a writer in the pages of this magazine. He was only 23 years of age when "Sympathy" came out, and it was promptly recognized as a poem of singular beauty. His first prose production, and reprinted as the first paper in "Excursions," was originally published in the third volume of the *Dial*. The fourth volume contained his "Walk in Winter," one of his masterpieces. Emerson encouraged Thoreau to write, introduced him to literature, and gave him charge of the third number of the third volume of the *Dial*. The two friends met in 1837, and the death of Thoreau, in 1862, only closed the friendship. In 1841, Thoreau became an inmate of Emerson's home, and remained there two years. They worked in the garden together, and Thoreau grafted the trees of the orchard. In 1847, during Emerson's absence in England, he kept the homestead at Concord.

Cabot, in his memoir of Emerson remarks; "Thoreau had a grave measured way of speaking, and a carriage of the head which reminded one of Emerson, and seemed like unconscious imitation. And in his writing, there is often something that suggests this. Emerson always denied the imitation, and declared Thoreau to be the most independent and original of men. Yet the coincidence in manner, perhaps, interfered with his doing entire justice to Thoreau's peculiar quality. In his biographical sketch he extols Thoreau's practical abilities, his accomplishments as a naturalist, surveyor, and woodsman, praises his wit, and has a good word for his poems, but says not a word of that by which he will be remembered,—that flavor of the wild woods, or at least of unkempt nature, which he imparts."

And, says Emerson: "I told H. T. that his freedom is in the form, but he does not disclose new matter. I am familiar with all his thoughts; they are mine, quite originally dressed. But if the question be what new ideas he has thrown into circulation, he has not yet told what that is which he was created to say." In a somewhat cynical way, Lowell describes Thoreau as "a pistillate plant kindled to fruitage by the Emersonian pollen." But, of course, it was no easy task to resist the overpowering influence of the greater mind, which controlled Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne, strong-headed as those geniuses were. George William Curtis thought that Thoreau's knowledge was original. "He has a fine ear, and a sharp eye in the woods and fields; and he added to his knowledge the wisdom of the most ancient times and of the best literature." It was, perhaps, Thoreau's misfortune as well as his advantage, that he lived as the contemporary and associate of Emerson. He learned to think like him. They talked of the same themes. They read the same books, and they rambled together through the same haunts.

The Emersonian color tinges many of the writings of Thoreau, consciously or unconsciously. Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," shows how public opinion ran in the year '48, though it must be confessed that Lowell was not a sympathetic guide. He wrote:

"There comes— for instance; to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs painfully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's natural pace!
He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,
His fingers exploring the prophet's each pocket.
Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of
your own,
Can't you let neighbor Emerson's orchards alone?"

The great event in Thoreau's life occurred in 1845, when he seceded from the world, and went to live by the shores of Walden Pond, and built himself a frame house, with his own hands. For two years he lived in solitude, devoting himself to study, the investigation of the habits of animals, natural history pursuits, and the performance of such labor as he deemed necessary. The story of that adventure is curious. He had nothing when he began it, save a borrowed axe, which he obtained from Alcott, and a few dollars in money. He was a squatter in every sense of the word. He settled on somebody's land, cut down a few pines, hewed timber, and bought an old shanty, for the sake of the boards, from James Collins, an Irish laborer on the adjacent Fitchburg Railroad. At the raising of his house boards, he was assisted by Emerson, George William Curtis, and other friends. He began building in the spring. By the opening of winter, as the result of his own labor, he had secured a tight, shingled and plastered house, 10 feet wide by 15 feet long, and 8 feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite. The cost of this establishment is thus set down by the builder himself, and his remarks on the same appear in the margin:

Boards.....	\$8.03 $\frac{1}{2}$	—Mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides.....	4.00	
Laths.....	1.25	
Two second-hand windows with glass.....	2.43	
One thousand old brick.....	4.00	
Two casks lime.....	2.40	—That was high.
Hair.....	0.31	—More than I needed.
Mantle tree, iron.....	0.15	
Nails.....	3.90	
Hinges and screws.....	0.14	
Latch.....	0.10	
Chalk.....	0.01	
Transportation.....	1.40	—I carried a good part on my back.
In all.....	<u>\28.12\frac{1}{2}$</u>	

Rather a moderate price for a house, and, adds the builder, "these are all the material, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house."

Now let us look a little into our hermit's family expenses, or house-keeping account, to speak more correctly. His wants were few, and he lived economically, but how many of us would be content to go and do likewise? This is the record which he has left:—

By surveying, carpentry, and day labor of various other kinds in the village, in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4 to March 1, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was:—

Rice.....	\$1.73 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Molasses.....	1.73	—Cheapest form of Saccharine.
Rye Meal.....	1.04 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Indian Meal.....	0.99 $\frac{1}{2}$	—Cheaper than Rye.
Pork.....	0.22	
Flour.....	0.88	Cost more than Indian Meal, both money, and trouble.
Sugar.....	0.80	
Lard.....	0.65	
Apples.....	0.25	
Dried Apples.....	0.22	
Sweet Potatoes.....	0.10	
One Pumpkin.....	0.06	
One Water Melon.....	0.02	
Salt.....	0.03	

—All experiments which failed.

Yes, I did eat \$8.74, all to'd; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year, I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a wood-chuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say, and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your wood-chucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to..... \$8.40 $\frac{1}{2}$

Oil, and some household utensils..... 2.00

So that all the pecuniary out-goes, excepting for washing and mending, which, for the most part, were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received, and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world, were:—

House..... \$28.12 $\frac{1}{2}$

Farm, one year..... 14.72 $\frac{1}{2}$

Food, 8 months..... 8.74

Clothing, &c., 8 months..... 8.40 $\frac{1}{2}$

Oil, &c..... 2.00

In all..... \$69.99 $\frac{1}{2}$

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get, and to meet this, I have for

Farm produce, sold..... \$23.44

Earned by day-labor..... 13.34

In all..... \$36.78
which, subtracted from the sum of the out-goes, leaves a balance of \$25.21 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the inside,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me, as long as I chose to occupy it.

His life at Walden Pond was very pleasant to him, and he made the most of it. Every natural fact which he discovered, and he found out very many, was a constant source of delight. "He was no pedant of a department," writes Emerson, "his eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestion in the humming of the telegraph wire." And Alcott says of him, about this time: "He united the qualities of the sylvan and human in a more remarkable manner than any whom it has been my happiness to know. Lover of the wild, he lived a borderer on the confines of civilization, jealous of the least encroachment upon his possessions. He came nearer the

antique spirit than any of our native poets, and touched the fields and groves and streams of his native town, with a classic interest that shall not fade." And again, says the same writer: "His presence was tonic, like ice water in dog days to the parched citizen pent in chambers and under brazen ceilings. Welcome as the gurgle of brooks and dipping of pitchers,—then drink and be cool! There was in him sod and shade, wilds and waters manifold,—the mould and mist of earth and sky. Self-poised and sagacious as any denizens of the elements, he had the key to every animal's brain, every plant; and were an Indian to flower forth and reveal the scents hidden in his cranium it would not be more surprising than the speech of Sylvanus." William Ellery Channing thus describes his personal appearance: "In height he was about the average: in his build, spare with limbs that were rather larger than usual, or of which he made a longer use. His face, once seen, could not be forgotten: the features quite marked, the nose aquiline, or very Roman, like one of the portraits of Caesar (more like a beak, as was said), large overhanging brows above the deepest set blue eyes that could be seen—blue in certain lights, and in others, grey—eyes expressing all shades of feeling, but never weak or near-sighted; the forehead not unusually broad or high, full of concentrated energy and purpose: the mouth, with prominent lips, pursed up with meaning and thought when shut, and giving out when open a stream of the most varied and unusual and instructive sayings. His hair was a dark brown, exceedingly abundant, fine and soft, and for several years he wore a comely beard. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had not a moment to waste. The clenched hand betokened purpose. In walking, he made a short cut if he could, and when sitting in the shade or by the wall-side, seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of

activity. Even in the boat he had a wary, transitory air, his eyes on the look-out: perhaps there might be ducks, or the Blondin turtle, or an otter, or sparrow. He was a plain man in his features and dress,—one who could not be mistaken, and this kind of plainness is not out of keeping with beauty. He sometimes went as far as homeliness, which, again, even if there be a prejudice against it, shines out at times beyond a vulgar beauty."

Thoreau quitted his hut in two years' time. He exhausted its special advantages, and then abandoned it to its fate. By living as he did, he proved certain things, made discoveries, and studied fresh subjects. These aims accomplished, he turned his back on the hermitage, and went home to civilization and taxes. He went to Walden Pond because he was ready to go. He left it for the same reason. The little odd house can no longer be seen. It has disappeared entirely, and the site is now occupied by the sumac and the pine. Of course, the locality remains historic, and the Concord people still love to escort visitors to Thoreau's old haunt, and tell the quaint story of his wilderness life at "blue-eyed Walden."

He returned to town in 1847. One day he received a tax-bill. He did not like it. He found fault with the way in which the public funds were being administered and expended, and he told the tax-gatherer that he could not conscientiously pay a tax which was obnoxious to him. Emerson hastened to the prison as soon as he heard of the arrest of his friend, and called to him from the cell-door: "Henry, Henry, why are you here?" And from the darkness issued the response: "Why are you *not* here?" John Burroughs, who finds much in Thoreau's character to admire, thought poorly of this episode in his career, and called his conduct "grotesque and melodramatic." But the hermit was in real earnest, and believed firmly in the position which he had taken. A

friend, much against Thoreau's will, paid the tax-bill, and the prisoner was turned out of jail. The friendly act caused much annoyance to the naturalist, and he did not scruple to say so. But there was no help for it. He had spent one day and one night in durance. The experience, we find recorded in his book. He writes :

" As I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use to put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in any way. I saw that if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone, of all my townsmen, had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat, and in every compliment, there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at any person at whom they have a grudge, will abuse his dog."

When he entered the prison, he found his fellow-prisoners enjoying a social chat. Salutations were exchanged between the new-comer and the jail-birds, and soon after this, the turnkey said pleasantly : " Come, boys, it is time to lock up." The men and half-grown lads filed off to their cells, and Thoreau was introduced to his room-mate—" a first-rate fellow and a clever man," as the jailor called him. He appeared to be at home in the place, and kindly pointed out to the hermit the peg on which he might hang his hat. After a while, the two became very friendly with each other, and the man told Thoreau he had been put in the " lock-up " on the charge of burning a barn, but that he was innocent of the deed. " I pumped my fellow-prisoner as dry as I could," says our author, " for fear I should never see him again, but at length he showed

me which was my bed, and left me to blow out the light."

His further impressions are thus detailed :

" It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I had never heard the town clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village, for we slept with the windows open, which were inside the grating. It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle Ages; and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and vi-ions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of the old burghers that I heard in the streets. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside it. I had never seen its institutions before. * * * * In the morning our breakfasts were put through the hole in the door, in small, oblong, square tins, made to fit, and holding a pint of chocolate, with brown bread, and an iron spoon. When they called for the vessels again, I was green enough to return what bread I had left, but my comrade seized it, and said that I should lay that up for a lunch or dinner."

In this light and airy fashion, he goes on, and tells the whole story of his incarceration, and explains, by the way, that there was no particular item in his tax-bill which he had refused to pay. He had never declined to pay the highway tax, because he was as desirous of excelling as a good neighbor, as he was of appearing before the authorities as a bad subject. Next year, the question came up again. Thoreau firmly declined to pay the tax, and the good offices of a friend were called into requisition. The same performance was enacted for some years after this, when, finally, Thoreau, who probably saw that his spirit of independence did not quite harmonize with the line of conduct he was pursuing in the matter, and fearing lest he was becoming in earnest a burden to his friends, ceased to offer resistance to the law, and paid the tax.

If he had lived in England in Hampden's and in Wilkes' time, he would probably have sided with those men in their views. He was an extreme radical, and an uncompromising opponent of every form of government.

He had as much fight in him as Wendell Phillips had in his young and

lusty days and was never so happy as when arrayed against strong men and stronger isms. In our time, when radicalism has become a force, and is no longer regarded as a crime; when its leaders have developed into administrators of departments in the public service, and have helped to carry on the great affairs of State in the government of countries, Thoreau, even with modified opinions, would not be looked upon as an attainted man. In his day, he was an Abolitionist, and sternly opposed to all trifls, and every variety of slavery, political as well as human. The traffic in the black man, which disgraced his country, was an abomination which he cou'd not denounce in terms of sufficient severity. He joined the anti-slavery party, when to do so was to incur the bitter hatred of many good men. Thoreau did not care. He felt a burst of sympathy tugging at his heart when old John Brown succumbed to the tap of authority on his shoulder. The hero was arrested, and Thoreau felt the mad, radical rebellious blood in his veins, warming every pulse and fibre and burning into his brain like a flame. He sent out notices to nearly every house in Concord, and told the people that he would speak on the great question in the public hall on Sunday evening, and he invited all to come and hear him. Even the Abolitionist Committee trembled at his daring, and the Republican Committee felt a sinking at the heart. They put their heads together, and advised Henry Thoreau not to be too premature in the matter. It was not advisable to speak publicly of John Brown and his character and condition. The time was not ripe, they thought, just yet. They counselled delay; wait, they all said. But Thoreau, roused to white heat, said no. Not speak next Sunday night, and the people mad to hear the story of John Brown? And so he sent to the trembling committee men this message: "I did not ask you for advice, but announced that I would speak." And

speak he did, and the hall had never before held such an audience as he addressed on that memorable occasion. The crowds came from far and near, and Thoreau's earnest eulogy of the old martyr of Harper's Ferry was listened to with a sympathy and a respect which surprised the Abolitionists themselves. Some of them took courage from this exhibition, and Thoreau's speech was the first gun fired in Concord in behalf of the black man's cause.

Among other things which he said on that night, were these: "I am here to plead his cause with you. I plead, not for his life, but his character, his immortal life; and so it becomes your cause wholly, and not his in the least. I see now that it was necessary that the bravest and humanest man in the country should be hanged. Perhaps he saw it himself. *I almost fear* that I may yet hear of his deliverance, doubting if a prolonged life, if any life, can do as much good as his death." And, after John Brown had been hanged, Thoreau said, feelingly and tenderly:—

"On the day of his translation, I heard, to be sure, that he was hung, but I did not know what that meant; I felt no sorrow on that account; but not for a day or two did I even hear that he was *dead*, and not after any number of days shall I believe it. Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries, it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who *had not died*. I never hear of a man named Brown now—and I hear of them pretty often,—I never hear of any particularly brave and earnest man, but my first thought is of John Brown, and what relation he may be to him. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than he ever was. He has earned immortality. He is not confined to North Elba nor to Kansas. He is no longer working in secret. He works in public, in the clearest light that shines in this land."

Thoreau lacked geniality and sunniness of disposition, charms which never fail to win friends and lovers. He had too much acid in his nature, and he did not always succeed in keeping the acid out of his books. He was a bookish man as well as a naturalist. The animals of the brush possessed more of his heart than the men he met in the streets, or the women at whose homes he dropped in now and then,

for a talk. Yet, cold as he was to people, he contrived to be happy. "I love my fate to the core," he used to say. Even when he lay dying of that dread disease, consumption, he feebly murmured to one at his bedside: "You ask particularly after my health. I suppose I have not many months to live, but, of course, know nothing about it. I may say that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

As a writer of books, Thoreau must always occupy an acknowledged place in American letters. He wrote a dozen medium-sized volumes. They show a wealth of observation, some satire, a certain dry humor, much force of character, and a clear insight into human affairs and nature. He wrote pretty much as he talked, thought often while on his feet, and some of the acutest things in his works were composed during the long walks which he took in the country. "The length of his walks uniformly made the length of his writing," as was once said. Some of his writings are rather extravagant in tone, and he measured everything by a rule of his own which recognized Concord as the centre of the universe. A pleasant book of his is *The Week*, which is really a record of a journey along the banks of the Concord and Merrimack rivers, which was taken by the author and his brother in the month of August, 1839. They sailed about in a boat which was built by themselves after a model of their own design, and at night they camped out on the shore. The book is full of their adventures, by land and water, and contains many excellent bits of descriptive writing, strengthened by philosophical dissertations and interesting studies in botany and in literature. *Walden*, which treats of life in the woods in an enjoyable and reflective way, ranks next. It tells the story of Thoreau's own career in the woods, and on that account, as well

as from its value as an authority on certain aspects of New England civilization, it is likely to be oftener read and quoted than any of his other books. *A Yankee in Canada* is worth dipping into, though it does not exhibit Thoreau at his best. He failed to get much of himself into it. Still, it has humor. The author visited Canada in 1850, and the greater part of the journey was made on foot. His luggage consisted of a small parcel, containing a few articles which were indispensable to his comfort on the way. *Excursions*, *The Maine Woods*, *Letters*, *Cape Cod*, and the four volumes of *Journals*, complete the list of Thoreau's writings. He had the feeling and the imagination of the poet, and was familiar with the English singers from Elizabeth's time to the Victorian age. Milton he read with great affection, and, as we have said, a pleasure of his was to translate gems from Simonides, Pindar and Aeschylus. One poem of his own, on "Smoke," Emerson said, suggested Simonides, though it was better than any poem of Simonides. Sanborn, Thoreau's biographer, lets us into the secret of his hero's manner as a poet. "It was his habit to compose a couplet or a quatrain, or other short metrical expression, copy it in his journal, and afterward, when these verses had grown to a considerable number, to arrange them in the form of a single piece. This gives to his poems the epigrammatic air which most of them have." But few of his poems remain, most of them having, at Emerson's request, been destroyed.

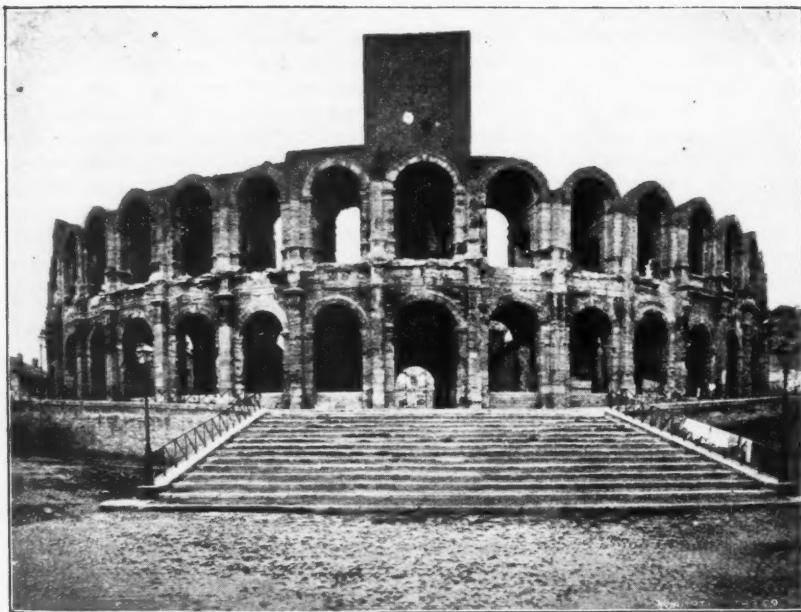
Since St. Francis of Assisi's time, the animals and fish have had no warmer friend than Thoreau. The fish swam to him at a sign, allowed him to take them from the water, and often they lay in the palm of his hand, as if asleep. Snakes coiled about his legs, and caressed his arms, all the while showing evidence of their affection and friendliness. The woodchucks permitted him to pull them out of

the holes by their tails, and the frightened fox sought his help from the pursuing huntsmen. Fuller used to say of Butler, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Of Thoreau, the same may be said. He was on confidential terms with the whole animal kingdom. He knew so much about plants that he could tell at a glance how long such and such a specimen had been in bloom, and the precise date on which the others near at hand would yield their flowers. He kept a diary, and in it he carefully jotted down certain data regarding the various plants round about, and often he used to read from its pages the names of those that would blossom on such and such a day. He had so much confidence in his knowledge of this department of culture that he thought that if he should at any time awake suddenly from a trance in the swamp he knew so well, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was, within at least two days. He knew perfectly all the notes which the birds uttered, and his memory was so good that, as rapidly as the twitterings sounded over his head in the trees, he named the author without hesitation. He would sit still for hours on a rock, waiting for the reptile, the fish, and the bird, to come back and resume the habits which had been interrupted by his dropping in among them. He never went for a

stroll without his old music-book under his arm to press plants in. He always carried his diary and pencil, his spy-glass for birds, his jack-knife, ball of twine and microscope. His outfit comprised, usually, a straw hat, a pair of stout shoes, a pair of strong grey trousers, a thick shirt, and a coarse coat. "If you have any enterprise before you," he was wont to remark, "try it in your old clothes." He lived mostly alone, never married, never went to church, never voted, ate no flesh, drank no wine, and scorned the use of tobacco. He was abstemious to a fault, eschewed the use of a gun, and never used a trap in his life. He was, like Emerson, an idealist, though he went further than the philosopher in most things. He cared nothing for money, loved hard work, and abhorred idleness. He was often aggressive and self-assertive. He had few wants to supply, and his habits were thrifty. He built boats, planted, grafted, made fences, and surveyed, working when he had to work, and in his leisure hours studying nature, after the manner we have described.

"I shall leave the world," he said to Alcott, not long before he died, "without regret." When death came he was ready to meet it. On the 6th of May, 1862, he passed quietly away, amid general sorrow, and was buried at Sleepy Hollow, the village cemetery of Concord.





ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE D'ARLES, EXTERIOR.

SPORT IN TROUBADOUR LAND.

BY ROBERT T. MULLIN.

DURING a pilgrimage in the south of France, we had an opportunity of witnessing that celebrated sport, the Provengal bull-fight. It was towards the end of April; the spring had gone, and already the earth was clad in the first fresh luxuriance of summer in that lovely land. The "*course de taureaux*" at which we were present, was the opening event of the season in the arena, and as such was to be a public fête of unusual importance. Six Spanish bulls had been imported for the occasion—three of which were pure-blooded Andalouse; the picadors were also imported Spaniards; all the feats of the Spanish ring were to be performed, *sauf la mise à mort*, as the hand-bills put it. The renowned *tambourinaires* of Provence were coming to entertain us with music, in

which line the Philharmonic of Arles were also to assist, the whole by the permission and under the patronage of M. le Maire; and lastly, and by far the most unique feature of all to a Western mind, the affair was to take place in that vast and venerable structure of the Romans, the Amphitheatre of Arles, one of the largest and best preserved of the national monuments of France.

We were curious to hear and to see the *tambourinaires*. They arrived the night before the fete, and early next morning were abroad. We heard them first in the market-place of St. Trophime, and slowly they approached us, coming down the Rue l'Hôtel de Ville. The music was a mingling of flute notes with the humming of the tambourines; it was soft, clear, and inex-

pressibly sweet. In the musicians alone we were disappointed. We expected to see youth—the fairest in the South—silks, plumes, and love-locks. We saw instead eight or nine sunburnt sons of toil, grey and bent, and stepping stiffly along to the sound of their own melody. With the left hand each held a little flute, and with the right beat upon a long, antique-looking drum slung from the left arm. While

open carriage: the bulls were stabled at the Amphitheatre, and we tried to contain ourselves till the hour of opening.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the weather—superb. The crowd was still pressing in when we found ourselves within the great enclosure. It was an animated scene. M. le Maire, with his lady and friends, had already arrived. His Worship, as Master of



ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE D'ARLES, INTERIOR.

the music was in our ears, we could not help thinking that they were, with their work-a-day looks, even picturesque. They passed—the notes of the quaint air came floating back shrilly—sweet music.

As the morning passed, the city took on a holiday look. Crowds came pouring in from all the country roads—every one was out. The picadors were driven through the streets in an

the Ceremonies, was accorded a station of honor at the right on the first row, immediately over the pit. A patriotic display of tricolor bunting above and around sheltered the gay party from the sun.

The military were out in full force. Warlike Zouaves, in their picturesque Arab dress, clambering here and there over the great stone seats; groups of officers; the flashing helmets of stray

cavalry men; the bright - colored dresses and parasols of the ladies, all added a pleasing diversity to the scene. Pretty mademoiselles were chattering on every side in their soft, musical tongue, or exhaling gaiety in their piquant way. Many, finding the seats in the immediate vicinity of the pit occupied, climbed up into those strange towers, built by the Saracen in the ninth century upon the outer walls of the amphitheatre, and soon every available space in the vast oval was taken up by a chattering, whistling, smoking, expectant multitude—a crowd such as the old arena sees but once a year.

The eye turns from the people to survey the noble arches which circle this great building. Black and weather-beaten, they stand out against the blue sky in sombre magnificence. How nobly and ponderously built the Romans! For two thousand years, through peace and war, this mighty structure has stood, witnessing to the power and splendor of old Rome. Twenty centuries ago, another crowd assembled here. This building was then bright and new, with its fifty-two lower Doric, and its "fifty-two upper Corinthian arches, its circumference of over a quarter of a mile, and its seats for thirty thousand spectators. On these very seats sat the togued Roman; here laughed and chatted Roman maids and matrons. All along these great rows in this groove at our feet flowed the perfumed stream; in these holes stood the velarium supports. Canopied by the finest silk, with stools for the feet, and the softest cushions to ease the rigor of the unbending block, all above was bright and regal; and in the pit below—a savage scene. No luxury, no barbarity was spared when Romans took a holiday. But a trumpet rang out, the band struck up, the past faded from our minds, and—the performance began.

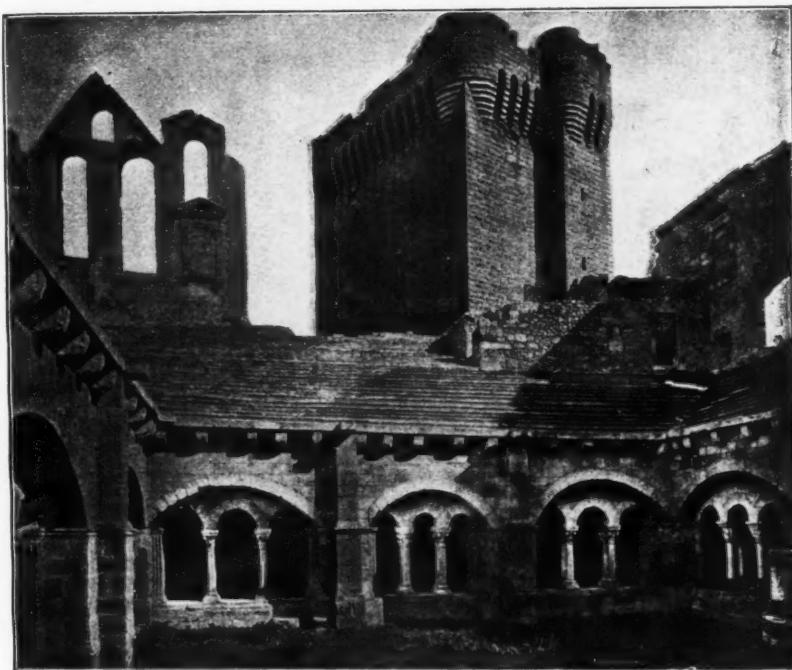
The picadors filed in, seven in all, resplendent in bright-colored silk, with

abundance of silver and gold tinsel, and fine cloaks that hung gracefully from their shoulders. They marched to the centre of the arena, bowed ceremoniously to M. le Maire, and to the applauding multitude, took off their cloaks and flung them to the crowd, and retired to a corner to await developments. The music stopped, and a door at the opposite extremity of the pit slid back, and in jumped a clean-cut, fiery, Andalouse bull. He stopped short, shook his shaggy head, scraped the earth, and bellowed out war. Presently, the sprightly quadruped perceived that he was not alone in the ring. The brightly clad group at the opposite end caught his eye. He retreated a pace or two, preparatory to a rush in that direction. At that moment there sallied out from among the band an able-bodied picador, in pink and silver, bearing a pole. This was none other than Juan Perez, described in the programme as *el fuerte*. Mr. Perez advanced and pointed the pole menacingly at the animal; the bull resented this and dashed towards him. The picador, grasping the pole firmly in his hands, ran to meet his adversary, and, at the moment of the anticipated shock, was high in the air, having vaulted lightly over, leaving his pole to be carried away on the horns of the malignant "Libertao," as this bull was called. This feat was loudly applauded. And now our friend—for our sympathies are entirely with the bull—is fairly surrounded by his agile tormentors. They carry scarlet mantles, which they flaunt in the eyes of the brute, and, while he dashes here and there in his attempts to gore these fluttering "blinds," his head and neck are stuck full of needle-pointed paper tags. One picador, drawing the bull off from the others, and with no other protection than his bright-colored mantle, literally covered the animal with playing cards, through each of which was driven a needle point, and that while the bull was ripping viciously at his slippery

antagonist. With the same agility and apparent unconcern, he removed them.

Next appeared a picador with what looked like a baton in each hand. They were gaily topped with ribbons, and needle-pointed. These are the bandeleros. Skilfully avoiding the rush of the bull, he plants them squarely on the brute's shoulders. In vain does the bull try to rid himself

among the picadors. Some crawled back under the barriers, some leaped them, and those who had not time to do either, fled before the infuriated animal, and all escaped. The bull coursed madly around, searching for his foes, and stopped at length before one of the entrances leading from the pit to the numerous subterranean chambers where, in the old time, gladiators, prisoners, and wild animals



ABBEY OF MONTMAJEUR, CLOISTER.

of these appendages. In the midst of his friskings, two more are planted on his flank. This arouses his fury afresh, and straightway he sets out in quest of blood.

In a moment, he had cleared the ring. When he saw his enemies safely behind their defences, he took a race and jumped the barriers. This unlooked-for event set the crowd all agog, and caused a desperate rout

were harbored. These entries are protected by an iron grille-work, and, being behind the barriers, no accident was anticipated. It chanced, however, that a bar was missing at the entrance before which the bull stopped, and to avoid further persecution he resolved to escape. He thrust in his head, bent apart the bars with his strong shoulders, and in a moment would have escaped into the gloom of the internal

labyrinth, had not the vigilant Perez noticed this unexpected turn in affairs. Leaping the barriers at a bound, he seized upon the bull's tail and called loudly for help. His comrades rushed to his assistance, while several slid between the bars of the next entrance, and passed around to assault the bull at the other extremity. The ludicrousness of the spectacle thus presented was not lost upon the crowd, judging from their shouts, whistling and laughter. Slowly the bull emerged again to the light of day. The reverse order of his re-entry, and possibly the ignominy of it, seemed to infuse new life into this spirited creature, and, a moment after, in pursuit of his enemies, he had leaped into the ring once more. At this instant, the bugle rang out, the twenty minutes of the first bout having expired. The picadors withdrew, and the bull made his escape through a door opened for him.

After a breathing space, during which the band gave us music, a second and third bull successively claimed the attention of the crowd. Having been duly vaulted over, tormented, and their hides properly punctured, they were run off through the open door like immense animated pin cushions.

The fourth was a plump red animal with a bad eye. We felt at this juncture a strong desire to see a picador tossed—in fact, longed for an accident. The agile Juan Perez was again on hand. This time he ran to meet the bull without his pole, and, as the animal lowered his head for the toss, he seized him by the horns, and turning a graceful hand-spring in the air, landed several yards behind. This clever and dangerous feat evoked a storm of applause. The usual artifices were practised during this course,

and the mishap we earnestly desired did not occur. At length the official programme was brought to a close by the following performance: Two muscular picadors advanced, one of whom carried a stout pole, to the end of which was affixed a semi-circular piece of iron. This attachment was intended to fit on the horns of the oncoming bull. Having been taunted, the bull descended on them; they



FAMOUS HEAD DISCOVERED AT ARLES, RIVALLING THE VENUS D'ARLES IN LOUVRE

braced themselves to the shock, and fairly repulsed him, bringing him to his knees. This exploit was repeated several times, and was the means of transforming a snappy, active bovine into a timid, trembling, apprehensive one.

This closed the day with the professionals, but scarcely had the pit been cleared, when it was taken possession of by half a hundred men and boys, chiefly rustics, who proceeded to

divest themselves of all superfluous clothing; coats and vests were doffed, braces were detached to serve as belts, and there was a great hitching of trousers. Without much delay a bull appeared with a red cockade fastened to his horn. Here was a chance for rustic aspirants after glory; for the one who could snatch this cockade was entitled to a prize of twenty-five francs.

So numerous and active were his antagonists, darting from every direction towards the all-tempting horn, that the amazed bull remained stationary for a short space, as though meditating on a course of action. "*Il pense*," said a damsel near by—we were thinking so too. Presently a nimble Jean Jacques, with a variolic face, and red sleeves to his shirt, flashed past the alluring horn. The bull started in pursuit, and it was a race for life towards the barriers. Poor Jean was a little too slow, and the impetus he received from behind as he scaled the defence, generously accorded with the expectations of most of us in that direction. He was taken

off by his friends, more frightened than hurt. During the excitement which this occurrence produced, a bold youth succeeded in snatching the cockade, and immediately thereafter received from the Mayor's own hand the five and twenty francs.

Such is the celebrated bull fight in the land of "sunburnt mirth." It has been objected to by visitors on the score of cruelty, and of being out of touch with modern civilization. As regards cruelty, it is not more so than the English fox hunt, and annual rabbit shooting. One is the teasing of noble animals, the other the slaughter of helpless ones. But no doubt both are objectionable. Be this as it may, the bull fight seems to serve its purpose very well. On this occasion the funds of the *Direction* were increased by many hundreds of francs taken at the entrance; the picadors covered themselves with glory, and won some gold; the bulls were but slightly damaged, and the big, good-natured public was mightily amused.

SUNRISE THOUGHTS.

Cool, from the chambers of the brooding night,
The morning air doth stir my soul, and brings
Unto awakened sense and touch the things
Which hover round the throne of beauty bright.
How have I slept within the very sight
And influence of that spirit which here clings—
A glory to each tree and flower, and flings
Its miracle of healing o'er earth's blight!
Around me lies such aspect of her face
As dear dame Nature wears when she is glad;
The trees for very joy do clap their hands.
So pure, so calm, so holy is the place
That I content, in contemplation clad,
Could dwell for e'er had Duty no commands.

—REUBEN BUTCHART.

THANKSGIVING MORN.

Thanksgiving Morn ! The city wakes
To don its holiday attire ;
O'er field and forge the morning breaks ;
Still rests the plow, and sleeps the fire.
Mayhap some longing souls aspire,
Warmed by the peace the morning brings,
They feel that hope in heaven is nigher
And long for higher, better things.

True, toilers think of bread and coals,
And doubt and wonder if they dare,
When scant of beef, with broken soles,
So much of precious time to spare.
They know too well, that foul or fair,
The toiling hand, the thinking head,
Must bring its answer to the prayer :
" Give us this day our daily bread."

Yet ancient sires, with vanished youth,
And mothers worn, with tresses grey,
Go forth despite their aches, and ruth
To play at lovers for a day.
They know a fair, but distant May,
And talk of all the years between,
And wile the chilly hours away
With dreams of glory that had been.

Youth sallies forth to gather flowers,
Nor heeds that Summer flowers are dead,
That Autumn, too, has left the bowers,
And Winter whistles there instead.
But what to them the clouds o'erhead ?
The threaten'd storm, the vanished noon ?
Has Night or Winter aught to dread ?
They surely come, but not so soon.

And Fortune's minion, too, Alas !
Has worry sore, from prospect grim ;
He wonders how the day will pass—
Life is all holiday to him.
Perchance some longing incomplete,
Some want, 'mid all he has or sees,
May plead " to wake, to sleep, to eat—
How poor is life with only these ! "
To know the richest wine and weed,
Wear coat of latest shade and curl,
To drive behind the fastest steed
Of pedigree would spite an earl,
Own dog, the envy of his peers,
Through kennel, sire and dam, and all,

In curve of tail and length of ears,
 The triumph of a butcher's stall,
 That whips the very latest out,
 In grin of lips and grime of snout ; —
 To be all this, and own all such,
 May mean but little, pass for much.

'To live along the widest street,
 And own the largest house in town,
 That welcomes only the elite ; —
 If 'tis the fashion, yours is brown.—
 To sport the rarest gem or pearl,
 Own meekest wife, but flashiest girl,
 Were surely worth the being rich,
 For which poor hungry sinners itch."

But there are homes that are not bright,—
 Hall, kitchen, parlor all in one,—
 With neither fire, nor window light,
 To turn the cold or greet the sun.

And there are backs, that feel the wind
 And naked limbs and shoeless feet,
 Whose measure noon and night may find
 Thawed out upon the frozen street.

And there are hungry hearts that break
 Of mothers, sick in sweater's den,
 And maidens fair, but sometimes weak,
 And serpents watching ; Soul ! what then ?

Well ! let them perish, it is Fate ;
 For each the future has in store
 His destiny of love or hate,
 Of shame, his portion, and no more.

The weak go helpless to the wall,
 By passion, sin, or folly driven :
 Spite love of God or Christ, they fall,
 Spite fear of hell, or hope of heaven.

The prince wooes pleasure while he may,
 But knows his crown, his throne, his life,
 Are pawns, that stand in grim array,
 'Gainst poison, pistol, or the knife.

The peasant mourns his vanished gain,
 And 'counters want, with manhood fled ;
 And woman drinks her cup of pain,
 When weeping by her baby, dead !

"Tis wisdom's maxim, "Guard your own,"
 When Stocks are up, or Consols fall ;
 This all your duty, you, alone,
 Are to yourself the all in all.

God keep us ! Is there nothing more ?
 Is this the lesson taught to man
 By all the future has in store,
 Or all the past or present can ?

The winds go shrieking down the street,
 The leaves are brown, the forest bare ;
 On thresholds lies the frozen sleet ;
 The old, the poor, the weak, are there.

There, outcast thou hast led astray,
 Clasps hungry babe without a name ;
 Has Christ not found some other way,
 Than that she perish in her shame ?

Thy brother's keeper ! let that pass ;
 Truth in such garb is getting old,
 And so are we, so each one has
 To hug his little bag of gold,

To eat some dinners, wear some clothes,
 Grow grim and gouty from his wine ;
 And as he greyer, grimmer grows,
 Feel more and more, "this, this is mine."

The winds go howling down the street,
 The leaves are brown, the forest bare ;
 On thresholds lies the frozen sleet ;
 The poor, the weak, the old, are there !

—D. McCaig



JOHN BROWN IN CANADA.

BY JAMES CLELAND HAMILTON.

*"A story worth telling, our annals afford."**—C. Mair.**"A moral warfare with the crime,
And folly of an evil time." — Whittier.*

A biography by one who was an eye-witness of some of the stormy scenes in the fifties, of the fierce conflict then waged between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties, brings to mind many matters of interest to residents on both sides of the Great Lakes. (a)

The author, Mr. Richard J. Hinton, was a trusted friend and adviser of Captain John Brown, and writes with the authority of personal knowledge. He shows also an enthusiasm for the holy cause, and a personal affection undiminished by the age that has passed since his hero gave up his brave life on the Charlestown gallows.

But this period has not sufficed for many of his contemporaries, whose personal feelings or fortunes were affected by the turmoil which followed, to form an unbiased judgment of the character and career of John Brown, the man of sad and stern furrowed countenance, whose word was Spartan law to those who best knew him, and whose arm was ever strong and ready to shelter the oppressed and to crush the oppressor.

Even in Canada, during the times

depicted by our author, some could have been found whose sympathies were more with Bomba and Maximilian, the representatives of reaction, than with Garibaldi, free Italy, and progressive Mexico. Some, too, there were among us, and perhaps still are, who regarded the period when the slave-masters ruled in Washington as the haleyon days of the Commonwealth.

Few admirers of John Brown will be found among such readers. He was an iconoclast, who spared no idols, however venerable, who respected no authority whose creed was oppression, and regarded no form of belief as sacred, if by it the mind of man was in any way confined.

The fastidious will find it hard to realize a pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon not only taking up the cause of the African with enthusiasm, but exhibiting no repulsion from his sooty skin, and treating the meanest slave as a brother. The descendant of the Mayflower Puritan who had fled across the sea for conscience' sake, himself embarks on an ocean of moral conflict, and is destined to be engulfed in its dark waves.

There is one class of our people who look on the career of Brown as, without doubt or gainsay, that of a true patriot and saviour. To their minds,—



JOHN BROWN.

(a) John Brown and His Men. By Richard J. Hinton. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1894, New York and Toronto.

"There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name."

Such, indeed, is the reverence and love of the African race for John Brown, hero of the Free Soil movement in Kansas, and leader of the Harper's Ferry raid.

They know that he fell a willing martyr to the cause of freedom, and how full of consequence that event was to the race he loved. It was the flash that fired the powder, the spark that kindled the blaze soon to light up all the land.

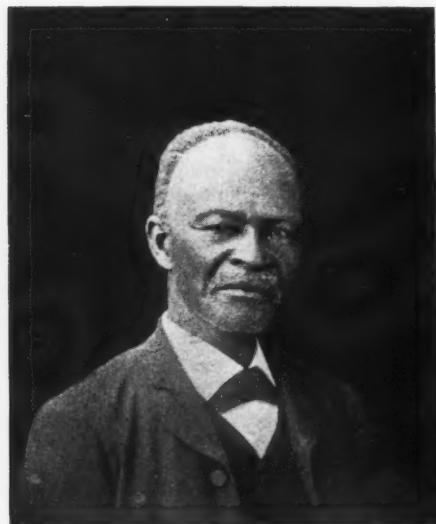
Devon cattle and choice sheep, and aided colored people who came to settle on lands given them by Mr. Gerrit Smith. His poetic spirit, love of nature, and benevolence, had full and happy scope for a time. His teachings and example were greatly prized by his poor neighbors, who required both encouragement and a spur to activity in free labor.

Wherever Brown's lot was cast, his earnest, manly character was conspicuous. His letters to members of his family showed fatherly affection most sincere, but abounded in lessons urging to duty. Writing to his son John, he says, "Say to Ruth, to be all that to-day which she intends to be to-morrow." His life was a living example of Carlyle's heroic words: "Not sport, but earnest, is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive." (a)

The colony grew under Brown's inspiring spirit and Gerrit Smith's benevolence. Among refugees who lived there for a time was Walter Hawkins, a bright young colored man, who had escaped from Maryland. In 1852, he removed to Canada, became honored and revered as a minister of the Gospel, and when he died in July, 1894, was Presiding Bishop of the British Methodist Episcopal Church.

But the attacks of pro-slavery men from Missouri upon "free-soil" settlers in Kansas, called Brown and his devoted sons to aid in defending the cause of freedom there. He stood firm, and grim as a great rock, on the disputed territory. The waves of violence swept around him, carrying the worst elements engendered by slavery, but broke baffled at his feet.

(a) From "Heroes and Hero Worship."



THE VERY REV. WALTER HAWKINS.
Superintendent (Bishop) of the B.A.E. Church.

It will be my object now to show what part Canadians had in this matter. As far back as March 24th, 1846, in a letter written at Richmond, Ohio, John Brown says: "Jason and I have talked of a visit to Canada next fall. We would like to know more of that country." Soon after this, he removed to North Elba, Essex Co., New York, in the Adirondacks, in which beautiful and romantic region he made his home. Here he raised his favorite

"Before the monstrous wrong he set him down,
One man against a stone-walled city of sin."

He organized forces, obtained supplies, arms and provisions from sympathisers in the Eastern States, and soon manfully and with interest avenged the attacks of the "Border Ruffians."

The slaves in Missouri were scattered on the plantations, prevented from meeting or consulting together, and kept as ignorant and illiterate as possible. All hope for betterment was suppressed by cruel punishment, or removal to the far south, of those who showed any manliness.

The Haytien proverb, "Zie blanc bouille negres," "The eyes of the whites burn up the negroes," was exemplified. The new territory of Kansas was fast filling with people, and elections were approaching which would decide whether the domain of slavery should be extended to it. That power never scrupled in the use of means to accomplish its ends. The Government of the United States, then in the hands of a temporizing president, and pro-slavery officials, failed to see fair play or to punish outrage. Brown determined to fight fire with fire. He found promises broken, conventions and compromises only made and used as a means to forward the pro-slavery movement. He could see little use in conferences. "Talk is a national institution, but it does no manner of good to the slave," he would say. Slaves were in his eyes prisoners of war; their masters, tyrants who had taken the sword, and must perish by it. He took his Bible and the Declaration of American Independence as his guides. He fought in the spirit of Joshua and of Gideon, whose stories and characters had strong fascination for him.

In December, 1858, Brown entered Missouri with two small companies of brave men. His lieutenants, John Henry Kagi and Aaron D. Stevens, who were both with him afterwards at Harper's Ferry, commanded one,

and Brown the other. A negro called Jim had come and stated that he, with his wife and two children and another slave, would be soon sold, and he begged for help. First these five slaves were liberated, then six other slaves, and two white men were marched off. The companies joined, and moved slowly back to the territory, when the white men were released. In the raid, Kagi's party had been opposed by Mr. Cruise, a white man, who was shot down by Stevens in self-defence, as he claimed, while endeavoring to detain a man-chattel. This was unfortunate, but is to be regarded as an incident of the war, for such, in fact, was the desultory conflict that then raged on the western outskirts of the Republic.

This invasion and bold attack on the "peculiar institution," in its home, raised a great commotion. Brown and Kagi were proclaimed outlaws, and prices were put on their heads. They determined to carry the freed people to Canada. The retreat was through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan, and was one of the boldest adventures of the campaign. After passing the village of Topeka with various incidents, shelter was found in an empty log cabin, where pursuers headed by a United States marshal, overtook them.

They remained on the defensive until a band of young men from Topeka joined them. At Hilton, or Muddy Creek Crossing, the marshal stationed himself with eighty armed men. Brown had only twenty-three white men and three negroes. The women were sheltered in the cabin, with emigrant wagons in front of them. The little company formed in double file. At the word, "Now go straight at 'em boys, they'll be sure to run," Brown and his party marched quickly towards the creek, but the foremost had not reached its margin, when the marshal rode off in hot haste, followed by such of his men as could untie and mount their horses in time. "The

scene was ridiculous beyond description," says one of the party. Some horses were hastily mounted by two men; one man grabbed tight hold of the tail of a horse, trying to leap on from behind, while the rider was putting spurs into his sides, so he went flying through the air, his feet touching the ground now and then." Those of our comrades who had horses followed them about six miles, and brought back four prisoners and five horses.

This affray at Muddy Creek is known in the history of Kansas as "The Battle of the Spurs," as these instruments were the only weapons used. The reader will remember the more famous "Battle of the Spurs," of the year 1513, when the French fled, and some of their most noted men fell into the hands of the soldiers of Henry VIII. The prisoners were made to walk along beside their captors, Brown talking with them on the way concerning the wickedness of slavery. In the morning they were set at liberty, but their horses were confiscated, and given to the brave Topeka Boys.

As the contrabands advanced into strange territory, their remarks showed their simple, affectionate nature. One of the women pitied "poor marsa! he's in a bad fix; hogs not killed, corn not shucked, and niggers all done gone." A man, driving the oxen, asked the distance to Canada; and was told that it was fifteen hundred miles. "Oh, golly! we uns never get dar befo' spring," he exclaimed, shouting as he brought the goad down, "Git up dar, buck; bung along!"

With many adventures, the party pressed on towards the North. One of the women gave birth to a child on the way, which was named John Brown. One of the prisoners, taken *en route*, was a gay young medical man, a rattling blade, whom Brown took under his especial care, and gave him, under compulsion, more moral and religious training than he had received for years. On his return home he told his story, and said Brown

was the best man he had ever met, and knew more about religion than any man.

The party reached Detroit on 12th March, 1859, and crossed over to Windsor in Canada. Here these people settled and lived industriously.

When the friend they loved so well suffered at Charlestown Court House, a few months later, he had 10 mourners more sincere than these lowly ones of the earth whom he brought to Canadian manhood and freedom from Missourian bondage.

Samuel Harper, one of the band, lives now with his wife, in a comfortable cottage on Bruce avenue in Windsor. He says that he and she are the only survivors of the party of eleven, except the boy called after John Brown, who, now a man of 35 years of age, lives at Detroit. Harper speaks very gratefully of Brown, saying, "I wish I was in a position to pay John Brown, Junior, one half what I owe his father, for what he did for us." He also speaks of the raid, and his old home, with the air of one who reviews the past, and feels strongly. He said his "Boss" came after him to Windsor, and wanted him to go back, promising to treat him better than ever before. Harper was indignant, and replied: "I thought you was a smarter man dan dat, but I find yo's a fool, come all dis way to ask me to go back to slavery."

He told his story as follows. The statement is as accurate as can be expected from one in the position of this freed man, after an age has passed. The person he referred to as Stevens was sometimes called Whipple. He followed Brown to Harper's Ferry, and figured there as Capt. Aaron D. Stevens. He was a man without fear. He was captured, as will be seen, after being wounded, and was tried and executed under Virginia Law.

SAMUEL HARPER'S STORY

"Way back een 1858, w'en Capt'in Brown kem down inter Missoureye," said Harper, "I was on'y 'bout 18 yeahs ole, but my wife

ovah dar, she was 'bout 35. We kep' hearin' of de Capt'in takin' slaves away an' sendin' dem north, till fin'ly, 'bout Christmas, we he'ad dat de Capt'in was nigh to de fa'm we wuz workin'. So we done sent him wo'd dat we was awaitin' to be took away, an' a few weeks afterwa'ds the capt'in, with his partner Kagi, came at night wid a wagin, an' away we druv inter Kansas.

"But it was mighty slow trabelin'. You see dey was severil different parties 'mongst ouah band, an' ouah marsers had people lookin' all ovah for us. We'd ride all night, and den maybe, we'd hev ter stay severil days in one house ter keep from gettin' cot. In a month we'd on'y got to a place near Topeka, which was 'bout forty miles from whar we started. Dey was 12 of us stoppin' at de house of a man named Doyle, besides de capt'in an' his men, w'en dere comes along a gang of slave huntahs. One of Capt'in Brown's men, Stevens he went down to dem and sayed:—'Gentlemen, you look 'sif you was lookin' fo' somebody o' somfin'. 'A'y, yas,' says de leader, 'we think ez how you have some uv ouah slaves up yondeh een dat 'ere house.'

" 'S that so?' says Stevens. 'Well, come on right along up wid me, an' you kin look hem ovah an' see.'

"We wuz a watchin' this yere conve'sation all de time, an' w'en we see Stevens comin' up to de house wid dat 'ere man we jes' didn't know w'at to make of it. We began to git scared dat Stevens was goin' to give us up to dem slave huntahs. But de looks o' things changed w'en Stevens got up to de house. He jes' opened the do' long 'nough fer to grab a doubled-barreled gun. He pint-ed it at de slave huntah, an' says:—"

" 'Yo' want to see yo'r slaves, does yo'! Well, jes' yo' look up dem barrels an' see if yo' kin find 'em.'

"That man jes' went all to pieces. He drapped his gun, his legs was tremblin', an' de tears mos' sta'ted f'un hees eyes. Stevens took an' locked him up in de house. W'en de rest o' his crowd seen him capcha'd, dey ran away 's fas' ez dey could go. Capt'in Brown went in to see de prisoner, an' says to him, 'I'll show you w'at it ees to look aftah slaves my man.' Thet frightened de prisoner awful. He was a kind old fellow, an' w'en he heerd w'at de capt'in said, I s'pose he thought he was goin' to be killed. He began to cry an' beg to be let go. De capt'in he only smiled a leetle bit, and talked some mo' to him, an' de next day he was let go.

"A few days afterwards, the United States Marshal came up, with another gang to capcha us. Dar was 'bout 75 of dem, an' dey surrounded de house, and we was all 'fraid we was goin' to be took for sure. But de capt'in he jes' said, 'Git ready, boys, an'

we'll w'ip 'em all.' Dar was onh'y 14 of us altogether, but de capt'in was a terror to 'em, an' w'en we stepped out o' de house an' went for 'em de hull saiventy-five of 'em sta'ted runnin'. Capt'in Brown an' Kagi an' some others chased 'em, an' capcha'ed five prisoners. Dar was a doctah an' a lawyah amongst 'em. Dey all hed nice ho'ses. De capt'in made 'em all get down. Den he told five of us slaves to mount de beasts, an' we rode 'em w'ile de wite men hed to walk. It was early in de spring, an' de mud on de roads was away over dere ankles. I jes' tell you it was mighty tough walkin', an' you ken b'lieve dose fellers had enough of slave huntin'. De next day de capt'in let 'em all go.

" 'Ouah marsers kep' spies watchin' till we crossed de border. W'en we got to Springdale, Ioway, a man came ter see Capt'in Brown, an' tolle him dey wuz a lot of his fren's down in a town in Kansas dat wanted to see him. The capt'in said he did not care to go down, but ez soon 's the man started back, Capt'in Brown folleried him. W'en he came back he said dar was a hull crowd comin' up to capcha us. We all went up to de school house an' got ourse'v's ready to fight.

"De crowd came an' hung aroun' de school 'ouse a few days, but dey didn't try to capcha us. De gov'nor of Kansas, he telegraphed to de United States Ma'shal at Springdale:—'Capcha John Brown, daid or alive.' De Ma'shal, he ans'ed: 'Ef I try to capcha John Brown, it ll be daid, an' it'll be me dat'll be daid. Fin'ly those Kansas people went home, an' den dat same Ma'shal put us in a carh an' sent us to Chicago.

"It took us over three months to get to Canada. If I'd knowed dat de slaves was a goin' to be freed so soon as dey was, I'd never a come to Windsor. Wy? Cos I could a bought lan' down dar een Missourie fo' 25 cents an acre, an' de climate is much bettah dan up heah.

"W'at kin' of a man was Capt'in Bro'n? He was a great beeg man, ovah six feet tall, with great beeg shouldehs, and long hair, white ez snow. He was a vairy quiet man, awful quiet. He never even laughed. After we was freed, we was wild of cose, and we used to cut up all kinds ob foolishness. But de capt'in 'ud always look as solemn ez a gravey'a'd. Sometimes he jes' let out de tiniest bit of a smile, an' say: 'You'd bettah quit yo' foolin' an' take up your book.'

"De capt'in's son, John Brown, Jr., lives down to Put-in-Bay Island. He raises grapes down dere, an' we goes down to see him every summah. He hez a nice family, an' he's always glad to see hees ole frens."

How often Brown had been in Canada before this time does not appear,

but his visits and correspondence with people of color, and others here, were frequent, and all with the one end in view.

As the time grew ripe, Chatham and St. Catharines were the places where the conspirators in the cause of freedom met to perfect their plans. In St. Catharines was then a wonderful woman, Harriet Tubman. She was a Maryland negress, who had escaped from slavery, went back from time to time, and brought away her old father and mother, her brother's wife and children, and many others, some of whom are still living in Canada. She gained the name "Deborah" and "Moses," for saving her people from bondage. In a conversation between Captain Brown and Wendell Phillips, in 1858, the former called her "the General of us all," and said she had led two thousand slaves from bondage to northern freedom. She is also referred to as "The woman" in letters of the period, written when it was deemed best not to mention true names of confederates. When the raid at the Ferry was made, she was residing at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

Southern people, who lost valuable chattels through her daring efforts, offered \$10,000 reward for her, dead or alive. Frederick Douglass, Gerrit Smith, and other friends, warned her of the danger she incurred, but she replied, "God will take care of me, whether in the North or in the South." She was of unmixed blood, and of very negrine features. She was a wise and faithful agent of the "Underground Railroad," and adviser of her people, till the war opened another field of usefulness, when she enlisted as an hospital or army nurse. This heroine lived at Auburn, N.Y., subsequently, but is since dead. The story of her life was published in a small volume. Mrs. Tubman was one of Brown's Canadian advisers and co-workers in the anti-slavery movement.

On the twelfth day of May, 1858, he wrote to his wife from Chatham,

the seat of law of the county of Kent: "Had a grand abolition Convention here, from different parts, on the 8th and 10th inst. Constitution slightly amended and adopted, and Society organized."

After the Convention, Brown wrote the letter to one of his sons given at end of this article, under name of James M. Bell.

The names of the members of the Chatham Convention were: *William Charles Monroe, G. J. Reynolds, J. C. Grant, A. J. Smith, James Monroe Jones, George B. Gill, M. F. Bailey, William Lambert, S. Hunton, John J. Jackson, Osborne P. Anderson, Alfred Whipper, C. W. Moffett, James M. Bell, W. H. Lehman, Alfred M. Ellsworth, John E. Cook, Steward Taylor, James W. Purnell, George Akin, Stephen Dettin, Thomas Hickerson, John Cannel, Robinson Alexander, Richard Reali, Thomas F. Cary, Richard Richardson, Luke F. Parsons, Thos. M. Kennard, Jeremiah Anderson, J. H. Delaney, Robert Van Vauken, Thos. M. Stringer, Charles P. Tidd, John A. Thomas, C. Whipple, alias Aaron D. Stevens, J. D. Shadd, Robert Newman, Owen Brown, John Brown, J. H. Harris, Charles Smith, Simon Fislin, Isaac Holden, James Smith, and John H. Kagi*; the Secretary, *Dr. M. R. Delaney*, was a corresponding member; The members whose names are in italics were colored men.

The preliminary meeting was held in a frame cottage on Princess-street, south of King-street. This cottage was then known as the "King-street School," and is now a dwelling-house. Some meetings were also held in the First Baptist Church, on the north side of King-street. Pretence was made, in order to mislead the inquisitive, that the persons assembling were organizing a Masonic Lodge of colored people. But the most important proceedings took place in what was known as "No 3 Engine House," a wooden building near McGregor's Creek, erected by Mr. Holden and

other colored men. The sketch of this is given by Mr. J. M. Jones from memory.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Brown laid his plans in this Chatham Fire Engine Hall, and was captured in another fire hall at Harper's Ferry.

The Convention met on the 8th of May, 1858, at 10 a.m. It had been convened by notes from John Brown to those whom he desired to attend. There was scant ceremony at the opening proceedings by these earnest men. They were of two colors, but of one mind, and all were equal in degree and station here. No civic address of welcome to the Canadian town, no beat of drum, or firing of guns, was heard. The place was rude and unadorned. Yet the object of the members of this little parliament was to gain freedom for four millions of slaves. Many of those here convening had already done, in self-sacrifice and in brave deeds, a fair share in the work. The result was destined to prove a factor of historical importance in the future of the American people.

The following is a copy of one of the invitations to attend:

CHATHAM, CANADA,
May 5th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have called a *quiet* Convention in this place of *true* friends of freedom. Your attendance is earnestly requested on the 10th inst. * * *

Your friend,
JOHN BROWN.

The motives causing Brown to choose this Canadian town as the place of meeting will be obvious when we regard the position. There were at this time, as Mr Hinton estimates, seventy-five thousand colored people in Canada. This number was more than were really here; Upper Canada held 40,000; Toronto 1,200. Some of these citizens were in good circumstances, and were free-born; many of them were intelligent, and watching with lively interest the state of affairs, in the Republic, relating to their race.

Settlements of immigrant negroes had been for a score or more of years gradually growing in various parts of the Upper Province, among these being Amherstburg, Colchester, and Malden on the western extremity. The Queen's Bush in the townships of Peel and Wellesley was an important settlement, containing many well-to-do colored men. The cities of London, Hamilton, and St. Catharines, had their share. Dresden was an important centre, where Josiah Henson, best known as the "original Uncle Tom," held patriarchal sway, and had, with aid from England and New England, established the Dawn Institute, or Manual Labor School.

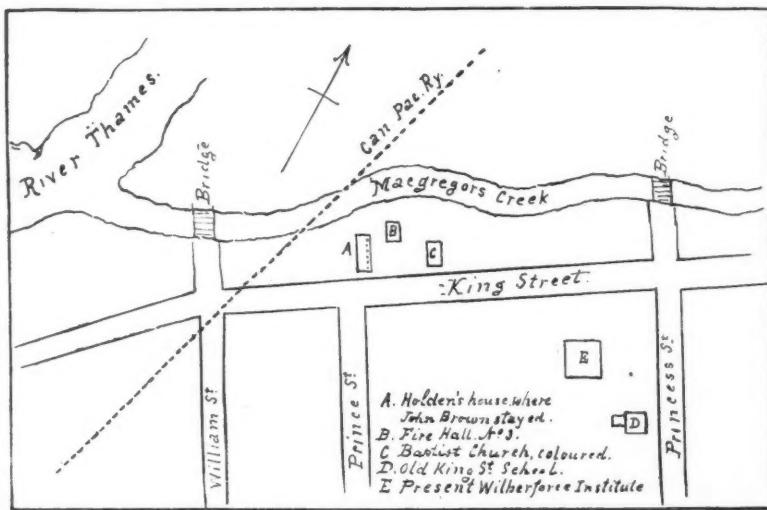
The Rev. William King had been laboring at Buxton, near the shore of Lake Erie, since 1848; had founded there, under the name of the Elgin Association, a model colony, where the poor fugitive came, weary and footsore, from his race for freedom, found shelter, and made himself a home.

Near this was Chatham, the chief town of the county of Kent, whose rich soil and moderate climate had attracted many dusky immigrants. Not a few of them had become well-to-do farmers. Others engaged in trade, or labored as mechanics. Their children were educated at the Wilberforce Institute, a graded school. In this county especially was the problem being worked out, as to the capacity of the African to take equal place with the Anglo-Saxon in the race of civilization. In addition to the educational facilities, the colored folk of Chatham had churches of their own, a newspaper conducted in their interest by Mr. I. D. Shadd, an accomplished colored man, and societies for social intercourse and improvement, in which their affairs were discussed, mutual wants made known, and help provided. But there were also here and elsewhere, at each centre of colored population, meetings and discussions of a more earnest character. Conductors of the "Underground Railroad,"

an organization whose influence in aid of the fleeing slaves, was felt from the lakes and St. Lawrence River to the centre of the slave populations, were often seen here. The "League of the Gileadites," as first formed by Brown in 1851, enlisted in its ranks many a courageous, freedom-loving man, and had some members in Western Canada. The name was taken from Judges vii. 3 : " Whosoever is fearful or afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Members, when joining each band, agreed to provide suit-

and an engine manned by colored men. This town, bearing the name of England's great Prime Minister, was well chosen as the seat of the Convention.

The writer has obtained much of his information as to the events described in Canada, by inquiry from persons who were parties to them, or members of the Convention. To gain this was not a matter of course. The secrets which many of the old colored men had were often of vast importance to them in time of slavery.



SITE OF THE CHATHAM CONVENTION, 1858.

able implements (meaning weapons), and to aid all colored people in gaining freedom and resisting attack.

Such were some of the elements that then largely influenced the colored people here. They were fairly industrious, happy under British law, and, as Brown afterwards found, the greater portion of them were so occupied in seeking a livelihood and competence, that they hesitated or refused to risk many chances in a cause and struggle the result of which was dim and doubtful.

Not to be behind their white neighbors, they had a fire hall in Chatham,

They had escaped, sometimes with a struggle, and even bloodshed. Some had boldly gone back from their Canadian homes, and guided kinsmen or friends on the way to freedom. Of the acts of daring so done there was no open boasting. Secrecy was for years expedient, and so became habitual. A colored man of education and position acknowledged that he still met this feeling when making inquiries for the writer as to the Convention. "I find it very difficult," he writes, "to obtain any information from our people. We can not blame them much, because, in the

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course of two hundred and fifty years of intercourse with the Anglo-Saxon, they have not formed a very favorable opinion of him. When it comes to prying into their old-time secrets, they always think there is a cat in the meal, so you must make allowance and bear with them."

And now we return to the Convention. The leading spirit was John Brown, a man with well-set, muscular form, of average size, his hair prematurely grey, closely trimmed and low on the forehead. His eyes bluish-grey, were, when he warmed in speech, full of fire. His face, with beard unshaven, and covering a strong, square mouth, with broad and prominent chin. His general appearance is thus described by Frederick Douglass and others. He was born on the 9th of May, 1800, of blue New England blood, with descent from Peter Brown, who came in the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock in 1620; lived in Duxbury, near the hill where Miles Standish's house was built, and where his monument may now be seen. John Brown was of Calvinistic creed, and with a tendency to fatalism: with the taciturnity, wariness and contempt of danger of a Mohawk; an admirer of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Emerson and Sumner, apostles of Emancipation and opponents of Southern aggression. He was of great natural intelligence, and well read, especially in history, but not college-bred. He had travelled in Europe, and was interested in foreign affairs. He was full of affection to his family, and ever constant to his friends. But the cause of liberty had the foremost place in his heart and soul. Quoting Cowper, he could say:

" 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it."

It was not of his own choice that he left his farm, and went into the bloody arena. One who met him before the Harper's Ferry affair, wrote: "Stranger than fiction have been his

escapes and exploits in Kansas. Combining the gentleness of a Christian, the love of a patriot, and the skill and boldness of a commander, whether ending his career in the quiet of home, or bloody strife, the freeman of Kansas will hallow his memory, and history will name him the Cromwell of our Border Wars."*

He was of earnest and stern resolve, brave and true. Brown's sons inherited his Spartan spirit. With six of them, and a son-in-law, he had done a hero's part to save Kansas, and now he proposed to formulate bold plans for the future before trusted adherents.

John Henry Kagi was a lawyer by profession, and full of zeal in the cause. He was his leader's right hand in Kansas and in the Convention. He aided in drawing the Constitution. He returned to the West, was in the raid in Missouri, and ended his life at Harper's Ferry. Capt. John E. Cook was from Indiana, well connected, and much trusted by Brown. He also fell in the final contest in Virginia. Owen Brown was the son of John Brown, Richard Realf was an English Chartist, of good literary ability. Reynolds was an active member of the Gileadite, or Liberty League.

The Convention was called to order by Mr. Jackson, on whose motion the Rev. William C. Monroe, a colored minister from Detroit, was chosen President, and Capt. Kagi was elected Secretary. Mr. Brown then proceeded to state at length the object of the meeting; and the proposed plan of action, and presented a paper, entitled "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States." Before this, on motion by Mr. Kennard, seconded by Mr. Delaney, a parole of honor was taken by all the members, who each declared: "I solemnly affirm that I will not, in any way, divulge any of the secrets of this Convention, except to the persons entitled to know the

* Redpath's Life of Brown, p. 225.

same, on the pain of forfeiting the respect and protection of this organization."

The plan unfolded sought no war of offence against the South, but to restore to the African race its natural rights, and to enable it to enforce and maintain them; not negro supremacy, but citizenship. There



Old King St. School

was much discussion over the article finally adopted as No. XLVI, which was as follows: "The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or the general Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal, and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought for under the Revolution."

Article XLVIII provided that every officer connected with the organization should make solemn oath to abide by the Constitution, and so with each citizen and soldier, before being enrolled.

Among the chief speakers were, John Brown, and Messrs. Delaney, Kagi, Kennard, Reynolds, Owen Brown, Realf, and Jones. On motion of John Brown, a resolution was passed appointing himself, with J. H. Kagi, Richard Realf, I. T. Parsons, C. P. Tidd, C. Whipple, C. W. Moffett, John E. Cook, Owen Brown, Steward Taylor, Osborne P. Anderson, A. M. Ellsworth, Richard Richardson, W. H. Lehman, and John Lawrence, a committee, to whom was delegated the power of the Convention to fill all offices named in the constitution which should become vacant. When the Har-

per's Ferry affair took place, Thomas F. Carey was chairman, and I. D. Shadd and M. F. Bailey were secretaries of this committee. The members of the Convention stayed about two weeks in Chatham. John Brown and Kagi visited other Canadian towns also, to see colored men, and to interest them in the grand project.

Some months before the Convention, Mr. Brown visited Toronto and held meetings with them in Temperance Hall, and also met many at the house of the late Mr. Holland, a colored man, on Queen-street west. On one occasion, Captain Brown remained as a guest with his friend Dr. A. M. Ross, who is distinguished as a naturalist, as well as an intrepid abolitionist who risked his life on several occasions in excursions into the south to enable slaves to flee to Canada. Dr. Ross has been honored with titles and decorations from several European governments on account of his valuable contributions to science, but, above all these, he prizes the fact that he was the trusted friend of John Brown.

Dr. Ross speaks of the hero with the deepest love and admiration. He describes him as walking with noiseless tread, his eyes intent and watchful, and body bent somewhat forward, as if in pursuit of an object; his speech well-guarded—all this the effect of the life of danger he had led with a reward offered for his head. But in the evening at the Doctor's house, reserve was thrown off, as he conversed with the few friends who were called in, and when the children's hour came, the grim warrior was all smiles, and the little ones gathered around him as he told them stories, made "shadow rabbits" on the wall, and then, kneeling on the carpet, helped them to build block-houses. Dr. Ross saw him on board the steamer bound for Niagara, on a Monday morning about the middle of May, when Brown bade him an affectionate adieu, took out a "York shilling," and

handed it to him, saying, "Keep this, and whenever you see it, you'll remember John Brown." It is needless to say that the little silver piece is treasured by the Doctor as one of his most valued possessions.

Dr. Ross had known Brown intimately for three years previous to his death. "His manner and conversation," says the Doctor, "had a magnetic influence, which rendered him attractive, and stamped him as a man of more than ordinary coolness, tenacity of purpose, and devotion to what he considered right. He was, in my estimation, a Christian, in the full sense of that word. No idle, profane, or immodest word fell from his lips. He was deeply in earnest in the work, in which he believed himself a special instrument in the hands of God." He had for many years been studying the guerrilla system of warfare, adopted in the mountainous portions of Spain and the Caucasus, and, in a ruder manner, by the Maroons of Jamaica, and by that system he thought he could, with a small body of picked men, inaugurate and maintain a negro insurrection in the mountains of Virginia, more successful than that of the Roman Spartacus, and cause so much annoyance to the United States Government, and dread in the minds of slaveholders, that they would ultimately be glad to "let the oppressed go free."

The Doctor also has the original of the remarkably prophetic lines which John Brown wrote, just before he was led out to die on the following day:

"CHARLESTOWN, VA.,
December, 2, 1859.

I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be washed away except with much blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself, that without much bloodshed it might "be done."

JOHN BROWN.

Dr. Ross has a farewell letter, written to him by John Brown the day before his execution. It is as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Captain Avis, my jailer, has just handed me your most kind and

affectionate letter. I am sorry your efforts to reach this place have been unavailing. I thank you for your faithfulness, and the assurance you give me that my poor and deeply afflicted family will be provided for. It takes from my mind the greatest cause of sadness I have experienced since my imprisonment. In a few hours I shall be in another and better state of existence. I feel quite cheerful, and ready to die. My dear friend, do not give up your labors for "the poor that cry, and them that are in bonds."

*Farewell God bless you
Your friend
John Brown*

Charleston Jail, Va., December 1st, 1859.

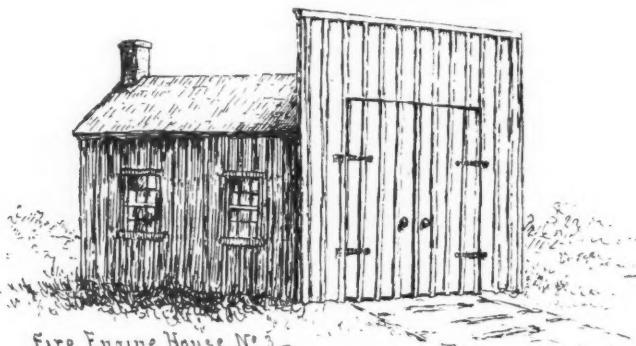
It may be well here to give a short account of Brown's three leading supporters at the Convention:—First came John Henry Kagi, of old Virginia stock, attractive in person, and of animated, even magnetic address. He had, our author states, just passed the seventh month of his twenty-fourth year, when slain at Harper's Ferry. "He had more the appearance of a divinity student than a warrior." His language was elegant, his deportment unassailable; his habits, strictly temperate; kind in his feelings to everyone, especially to children, whose confidence he acquired at first acquaintance." Mr. Hinton graphically recalls his friend as a man of personal beauty, with a fine, well-shaped head, a voice of gentle, sweet tones, that could be penetrating and cutting, too, almost to sharpness. The eyes large, full, well-set, hazel-grey in color, iridescent in light and effect. Mentally, he was the ablest of those who supported Brown in council, and followed him to Harper's Ferry. George B. Gill, who was associated with Kagi in the cause, said of him:—"In mental fields, he possessed abundant and ingenious resources. He was full of a wonderful vitality. His was a model disposition. No strain or stress could shake his unruffled serenity. His fertility of re-

sources made him a tower of strength to John Brown."

Next in importance to Captain Kagi was Captain John E. Cook, born in 1830, of Puritan ancestry, at Had-dam, Connecticut. He was thus described when in his cell, from whence he was taken to the gallows: "His long silken blonde hair curled carelessly about his neck; his deep blue eyes were gentle in expression as a woman's, and his slightly bronzed complexion did not conceal the soft effeminate skin that would have befitted the gentler sex. He was small in stature, nervous and impatient." Mr. Hinton, who knew him well, says, "Cook never lacked the courage which Napoleon termed the 'three o'clock in

from the millions who have but just cast aside the fetters and shackles that bound them. But ere that day arrives, I fear that we shall hear the crash, the battle shock, and see the red glare of the cannon's lightning. Inclosed, you will find a few flowers that I gathered in my rambles about town."

On the 3rd of July, 1859, he writes, "I shall start up among the mountains to gaze upon the grand and beautiful. God's blessed air sweeps over them, and the winds, as it were, breathe a mournful song of liberty.... Time passes slowly, as I idle thus. Heart and soul are all absorbed in the thought of what I owe my country and my God.... To-morrow is the



Fire Engine House. N. 3.

the morning." Cook formed the plan for capturing Lewis Washington, and obtaining his historical relics. He also advocated the seizure of Harper's Ferry, wanted to burn the buildings and railway bridges, carrying off such United States arms as their means of transport would allow." He went with Brown from Canada to Cleveland. Writing soon after the convention, he said: "The prospects of our cause are growing brighter and brighter. Through the dark gloom of the future I almost fancy I can see the dawning light of freedom breaking through the midnight darkness of wrong and oppression. I can almost hear the swelling anthem of liberty

Fourth! the glorious day which saw our Freedom's birth, but left sad hearts beneath the slave lash and clanking chain.... I feel self-condemned when I think of it. The contents of the cup may be *bitter*, but it is our duty; let us drain it to the very dregs."

On the 10th of August, he wrote in a like exalted strain, enclosing some stanzas, beginning:

" We see the gathering tempest in the sky,
We see the black clouds as along they roll,
We see from out the gloom the lightnings fly,
O'erthrowing all who would their course control "

Aaron Dwight Stevens had been a subaltern in the United States army, when an officer unjustly treated a pri-

vate, and was about to punish him cruelly. Stevens witnessing this, became indignant, knocked the officer down and deserted from Fort Leavenworth. He changed his name to conceal his identity, and when with Brown, was known as Charles Whipple. He was a native of Connecticut. His great grandfather was a revolutionary officer, and his grandfather served in the war of 1812. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, and afterwards helped to keep the Navajo and Apache Indians in check. When he deserted, he, for a time, concealed himself among the Delawares on the Kaw River, then joined the Free Soil men in Kansas under his assumed name. He stood six feet two inches in his stockings, and was well proportioned. His eye was restless and brilliant. His qualities were soldierly, and he would have won fame under happier auspices.

He was prone to hasty anger and passionate action, the "Simon Peter" of the party, and this sometimes called for rebuke from his leader, who, on the day of his death, wrote him as follows:

CHARLESTON PRISON, 2nd Dec., 1859.
JOHN BROWN TO AARON D. STEVENS,

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—*Solomon.*

The hint, so singularly given, had the effect, perhaps, of aiding Stevens in curbing his temper during his tedious trial and imprisonment. Unlike his leader, Stevens had not the Christian faith to console him. "He died," says Mr. Hinton, "a devoted Spiritualist, believing absolutely in the immortality of life." It would be encroaching too much on the biographer, and would be beyond my present scope, were I to attempt more at length to depict the strong, sterling characters, of both colors, drawn together by the wonderful magnetism of our hero.

Only one colored man of remarkable courage may be mentioned.

Shields Green, "with Congo face, big misplaced words and huge feet, knew instinctively what courageous manhood meant," writes the narrator. When Frederick Douglass turned from Brown after his last interview, he met Green and told him he could go with him to Rochester. The black man grieved back at the figure of his leader, towed under the pain of Douglass' refusal, and simply asked, "Is he going to stay?" "Yes," said Douglass. "Well I guess I goes wid de old man," was the decision. When Brown was in the thick of the Harper's Ferry fight, Green came, under fire, with a message to Osborne Anderson and Hazlett at the arsenal, when Anderson told him he had better retreat with them. "You think der's no chance, Osborne?" he said. "Not one," was the reply. "And de old Captain can't get away?" "No," said both men. "Well, I guess I'll go back to de old man." And so he went into the very jaws of death, and finally died a brave martyr's death, at Charlestown. Not last on the scroll of fame will be enrolled the name of this single-hearted freedman.

Some other members of the Chatham Convention, in addition to the Browns and his lieutenants just described, were from the United States, but many of them were then Canadian residents. John Brown was chosen Commander-in-Chief; J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War; Alfred W. Ellsworth and Osborne P. Anderson, Members of Congress; Owen Brown, Treasurer; George B. Gill, Secretary of the Treasurer; and Richard Realf, Secretary of State.

Mr. J. M. Jones, Mr. Isaac Holden, and Mr. Hunton were, it is thought, the only members of the Convention surviving, until a late date, in Canada. They lived in Chatham, where Messrs. Hunton and Holden died recently. Mr. Holden was a merchant and surveyor, and Brown resided in his house during his visit. Mr. Jones is a skilled gunsmith and engraver, and

a Justice of the Peace for his county. He is a native of Raleigh, South Carolina, and was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, graduating in the class of 1849. Particulars of this historical event, stated by Mr. Jones mainly, but con-

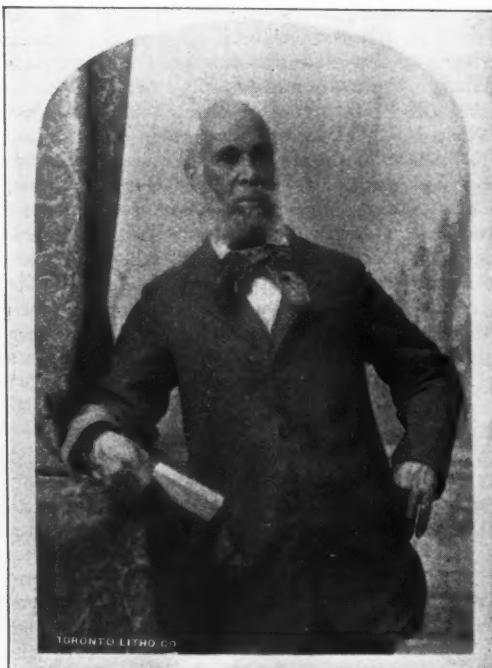
"Too many of them thought they carried their emblem on their backs. But Brown said the old flag was good enough for him; under it, freedom had been won from the tyrants of the old world, for white men; now he intended to make it do duty for black men. He declared emphatically that he would not give up the Stars and Stripes. That settled the question."

Some one proposed the admission of women as members, but Brown strenuously opposed this, and warned the members not to intimate, even to their wives, what was done.

During one of the sittings, Mr. Jones had the floor, and discussed the chances of the success or failure of the slaves rising to support the plan proposed. Mr. Brown's scheme was to fortify some place in the mountains, and call the slaves to rally under his colors. Jones expressed fear that he would be disappointed, because the slaves did not know enough to rally to his support. The American slaves, Jones argued, were

different from those of the West India island of San Domingo, whose successful uprising is matter of history, as they had there imbibed some of the impetuous character of their French masters, and were not so overawed by white men. "Mr. Brown, no doubt thought," says Mr. Jones, "that I was making an impression on some of the members, if not on him, for he arose suddenly and remarked, 'Friend Jones, you will please say no more on that side. There will be plenty to defend that side of the question.' A general laugh took place.

"One day in my shop I told him



J. M. JONES.

firmed by Mr. Holden and Mr. Hutton, will be interesting. Most of these were committed by Mr. Jones to paper a few years after the Convention was held. "Mr. Brown," says Mr. Jones, "called almost daily at my gunshop, and spoke freely of the great subject that lay uppermost in his mind. He submitted his plans, and only asked for their approval by the Convention." One evening the question came up as to what flag should be used; our English colored subjects, who had been naturalized, said they would never think of fighting under the hated 'Stars and Stripes.'

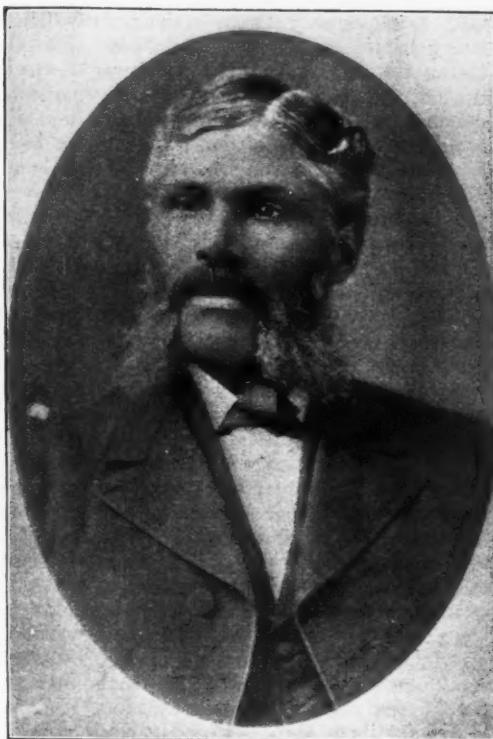
how utterly hopeless his plans would be if he persisted in making an attack with the few at his command, and that we could not afford to spare white men of his stamp, ready to sacrifice their lives for the salvation of black men. While I was speaking, Mr. Brown walked to and fro, with his hands behind his back, as was his custom when thinking on his favorite subject. He stopped suddenly, and bringing down his right hand with great force, exclaimed: 'Did not my Master Jesus Christ come down from Heaven and sacrifice Himself upon the altar for the salvation of the race, and should I, a worm, not worthy to crawl under his feet, refuse to sacrifice myself?' With a look of determination he resumed his walk.

"In all the conversations I had with him during his stay in Chatham of nearly a month, I never once saw a smile light up his countenance. He seemed to be always in deep and earnest thought.

"J. E. Cook worked with me a month, cleaning and repairing the revolvers and other arms belonging to the party. During this time he told me that while they were in Kansas fighting the Border Ruffians, Brown's son Frederick was killed. 'When we arrived,' said Cook, 'we found the young man lying dead on the road. He was going to a barn on his uncle's farm when he fell, riddled with bullets. The old man looked on his dead boy for a moment, then raising his eyes heavenward, said, 'By the Eternal, now they have done it, and from this forward they will pay for it.' This event had a fixed and lasting effect on Mr. Brown; and from this time

on I never saw a smile on his face.

"A question as to the time for making the attack came up in the Convention. Some advocated that we should wait until the United States became involved in war with some first-class power; that it would be next to madness to plunge into a strife for the abolition of slavery while the Government was at peace with other nations. Mr. Brown listened to the argument for some time, then slowly arose to his full height, and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I am no traitor; I would be the last one to take advantage of my



ISAAC HOLDEN.

country in the face of a foreign foe.' He seemed to regard it as a great insult. That settled the matter in my mind that John Brown was not insane.

"In his conversation during his stay here, he appeared intensely American. He never for a moment thought of fighting the United States, as such, but simply the defenders of slavery in the States. Only the ulcer, slavery, he would cut from the body politic.

"Mr. Brown called before the last meeting, and induced Mr. Jones, who had not attended all the sittings, to come to that, as the Constitution must be signed, and he wished his name to be on the roll of honor. As the paper was presented for signature, Brown said 'Now, friend Jones, give us John Hancock, bold and strong.' I replied that I thought it would resemble Stephen Hopkins. The reference was to the difference in the two signatures in the American Declaration of Independence—the one large and bold, the other that of a shaking hand.

"John Brown, never, I think," said Mr. Jones, "communicated his whole plan, even to his immediate followers. In his conversations with me he led me to think that he intended to sacrifice himself and a few of his followers for the purpose of arousing the people of the North from the stupor they were in on this subject. He seemed to think such sacrifice necessary to awaken the people from the deep sleep that had settled upon the minds of the whites of the North. He well knew that the sacrifice of any number of negroes would have no effect. What he intended to do, so far as I could gather from his conversation, from time to time, was to emulate Arnold Winkelried, the Swiss Chieftain, when he threw himself upon the Austrian spearsmen, crying, 'Make way for Liberty.' If that was his real object, the event that followed justified his design. He had said to another friend, 'It is nothing to die in a good cause, but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American Slavery.'

The plan of campaign, as promulgated at Chatham, was, to use the

mountains and swamps of Virginia as places into which slaves could be induced to escape, and there await the issue.

Kagi pointed out a chain of counties extending through South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, well fitted to receive and conceal refugees. With the aid of Canadian negroes, who were expected to join in large numbers, these places were to be fortified and manned. They would so become centres of moral force, and strategic points from which, in time, attacks could be made and reprisals secured.

The Constitution adopted was intended as a framework for organization. Brown had proposed to found several schools in which to train young men in military tactics, and especially in rifle practice. One of these was to be at Chatham, and Mr. C. Whipple (Stevens) was to be drill instructor. Mr. Brown did not over-estimate the state of education of the colored people. He knew that they would need leaders, and require training. His great hope was that the struggle would be supported by volunteers from Canada, educated and accustomed to self-government. He looked on our fugitives as picked men of sufficient intelligence, which, combined with a hatred to the South, would make them willing abettors of any enterprise destined to free their race.

There were some earnest abolitionists in Canada, who, while they admired his bravery and self-devotion, yet doubted the wisdom of his plan. Among these were the Hon. George Brown, of the *Toronto Globe*, who regarded his namesake as of too Quixotic a type, and the Rev. W. King, of Buxton, who was approached for his sanction, but declined to attend the Convention.

His influence would have been of weight with his colored friends and former pupils in obtaining recruits.

It was soon found that the proceed-

ings at Chatham had been made known to the pro-slavery rulers at Washington. News of the massacre of the Marais des Cygnes was the cause of Brown's speedy return to Kansas, so that the plan which he had in contemplation in Canada, the attack on Harper's Ferry, and the inciting of the blacks in Virginia to rise, was laid aside till October, 1859. The raid into Missouri, the "battle of the spurs," and the carrying of the rescued slaves to Windsor, already described, took place meanwhile. Captain Brown, in time, laid aside his scheme of forming a place of refuge, and working out from it, and adopted the more daring plan of seizing the United States' arsenal at Harper's Ferry in Virginia; and so striking terror into the slave power by showing that its stronghold might be broken into, and assaults successfully made at its most ancient and central domain, as well as in outlying Missouri. Large supplies of guns, pikes and ammunition were purchased, and stealthily conveyed to the Kennedy farm, a short distance from the Ferry. This quiet place was rented for the purpose, and here Brown and his followers gathered. The sum of \$1,500 was furnished by Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, and spent in procuring supplies, and otherwise preparing for the contemplated attack. Papers showing exactly how this money was spent, and that it was used in the manner intended by the donors, are in the hands of Dr. Ross. Attacks on Brown's character have recently been made in regard to this fund by some who think it manly to bark at the dead lion. While such slanders cannot reach him, they are sorely felt by worthy members of Brown's family and personal friends still living, whose reverential love is unabated, and who know of a certainty that the old warrior's honor rests as unsullied as his courage is undisputed.

The cut of pike and gun given exactly represents those used at Harp-

er's Ferry, and is taken from weapons in Dr. Ross' possession.

On the tenth of October, 1859, Brown's plans for attack were complete. About this time, Dr. Ross received the following note:—

CHAMBERSBURG, PENN.,

Oct. 6th, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND—I shall *move* about the end of this month. Can you help the cause in the way promised. Address your reply to Isaac Smith, Chambersburg, Penn.

Your friend,
JOHN BROWN.

The town of Harper's Ferry is about fifty-three miles north-west from Washington, at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac. The Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies rises grandly on one side. The Baltimore and Ohio railway spans the Potomac here. It was the site of the United States armoury and arsenal, and witnessed various struggles during the late civil war. It was against this unsuspecting stronghold that the wild movement was to be made.

As organized, on paper, by Brown, his force was to be divided into four companies, each composed of seventy-two officers and men. Each company was to be subdivided into corporal-guards of seven men each, with their subaltern. Two such bands made a section of sixteen men, under a sergeant. While at the Kennedy farm, Brown and Kagi were visited by Frederick Douglass, who was informed of the intention of taking the Ferry and arsenal. He opposed it with all the arguments at his command, but found that Brown was not to be shaken from his purpose. "Our talk was long and earnest," said Douglass. "We spent the most of Saturday and a part of Sunday in this debate,—Brown for Harper's Ferry; and I against it; I for the policy of gradually drawing off the slaves to the mountains, as at first suggested and proposed by him." Brown was immovable and Mr. Douglass left, after a friendly parting, never to see the old hero again.

When the attack was made, only

twenty-two men had enlisted at the Kennedy farm, of whom Shields Green, Dangerfield Newby, John A. Cope-land, Osborne P. Anderson, W. H. Leary, and John Anderson, were colored men.

The affair of the 17th October, 1859, is now a matter of history. It relates that Brown, with his little company, actually captured the Ferry and arsenal, and sent a thrill of fear through the whole south. In Virginia, the loss in the value of slaves, till then, but never since, a staple property, was estimated to be ten millions of dollars, and nearly a quarter of a million more was spent by the frightened authorities in quelling the *emeute* and providing safe-guards. Brown's two sons, Watson and Oliver, fell, fighting bravely. The leader himself, after a fearless attack and defence, fell into the hands of the State. Colonel, afterwards the famous General, Robert E. Lee, came with a regiment of soldiers, to avert the danger and guard the commonwealth. Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln, was there in the ranks. Then followed, at Charlestown Court House, the trial of the leader, and of those who were taken with him; the conviction on the charge of treason, and the execution—from whose terrors our hero did not flinch.

Nowhere was the news received with more intense or sadder interest than in Chatham. From the day of the attack until the fatal 2nd of December following, meetings for prayer and consultation were held continuously. Earnest eulogiums upon the character of the departed hero were delivered on the evening of the day of his execution, by J. M. Bell, and J. H. Harris, who had been members of the Convention. The same issue of the *Provincial Freeman* that chronicles this tells of thirty-six persons who had been driven from Kentucky to Northern Territory, for the crime of sympathizing with the Charlestown sufferers.

They were the precursors of many whom the civil war was destined, within a few months, to drive to Canadian shelter, political refugees, such as General John C. Breckinridge, and Hon. Jacob Thompson, and "skedaddlers," by the hundreds, as those were called, who thus escaped military enrolment. Many of these remained until the end of the war, and some are here still.

The interval in prison was cheerfully spent. To a friend he wrote, "I am quite cheerful. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or bind the soul. I go joyfully, in behalf of those millions that 'have no rights,' that this great and glorious—this Christian Republic 'is bound to respect.'"

Captain Brown's last act, before being led from prison, was to visit the cells of his fellow-captives and cheer them. He had imparted to these poor people much of his own brave spirit. He had a power to so influence those with him that they followed him with a reverential love, exceeding that of Ruth to Naomi, nor did any of them shrink from sacrifice; though Capt. Kagi and Brown's sons saw the great dangers, and had urged the hopelessness of moving before the ranks were filled.

It was not expected that the blow would be struck till the 24th of October. The precipitation of the attack, on the 17th, was caused by Brown's fear of betrayal by a Judas. The smallness of the band, and the fact that most of them had military titles, show that they were intended simply as the nucleus of the formidable force that Brown expected to join in the enterprise.

When he ascended the scaffold, on the 2nd of December, 1859, at Charlestown, it was with no faltering step. He stood erect and looked firmly down on the lines of soldiery that surrounded him. He met his end as one who had done his duty, as he saw it, and feared not that which was to come after. We can say of him, as of Sam-

son, "The dead which he slew at his death, were more than they which he slew in his life." Colonel Lee and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, who looked on, and were soon gallantly fighting as generals for the South, did not then see that our hero conquered more than death; that the monster slavery then received a grievous wound which all their bravery could not avert or cure. Victor Hugo, in referring to this per-

treasure. He sleeps in the blessing of the slave."

Garibaldi, liberator of Italy, writing from his Caprera home, declared that "John Brown was the instrumental precursor of the liberty of the slave."

The engine hall to which Brown and some of his men retired, and where they were taken at last, was carried to the Chicago World's Exposition of 1893, and there seen by many thousands.

The fate of some only of those who were at the Chatham Convention is known. Martin R. Delaney, M. D., became a Major of the 104th regiment colored troops, and a Commissioner of the U. S. Bureau of Refugees, and in 1868 published an interesting biography of his life and times. Capt. Kagi fell on the *Shenandoah*, riddled with bullets. Capt. J. E. Cook, Cope-land, the young mulatto, and Chas. Whipple (Aaron D. Stevens), were taken prisoners at the Ferry, and were tried and executed at Charlestown. All of them died like the brave men they were, some days after their leader. Richard Realf agreed to be at the contest, but failed to be present, having gone to England. Osborne P. Anderson returned to Chatham after the

affray. He was proceeding to the scene of action with a load of pikes, thinking Brown held the arsenal. Discovering his mistake, and seeing marines approaching, he fled and escaped. Owen Brown also, foreseeing the result, escaped to the woods. He lived for some years afterwards in Ohio, then settled, with others of his father's family, at Pasadena, in California, where he recently died. He was a man of considerable ability and mental resources, and was brave and determined.

Dr. Ross had, at John Brown's request, gone to Richmond, and, being there at the time of the attack, was



DR. A. M. ROSS.

iod, wrote, "What the South slew last December, was not John Brown, but Slavery. Slavery in all its forms will disappear."

Brown's body was carried to his loved home in the Adirondacks. Wendell Phillips made a eulogy at his grave. "John Brown," he said, "has loosened the roots of slavery. It may gasp, but it is dead. He said he could take the town with twenty men, and he did it. How sublime that last fortnight! His words are stronger than even his rifles. These crushed a State; those will yet crush Slavery. The echoes of his rifles have died away among the hills; his words, millions

arrested, but not long detained. As the day for his old friend's execution came on, he went to Harper's Ferry and applied for permission to go to Charlestown, but the officer in command ordered him to leave, and sent him under guard to Baltimore, calling to the captain in charge, "Captain, if he returns to Harper's Ferry, shoot him at once." The intrepid doctor then went to Governor Wise at Richmond, and, after an interview, related in his little volume, "Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist," the Governor refused him permission, and when he asked for a permit to leave the State, wrote on a card, "The bearer is hereby ordered to leave the State of Virginia within twenty-four hours,—Henry A. Wise." Dr. Ross, finding it impossible to see his old friend once more, wrote a farewell letter to John Brown, and received the answer already given. Some friends collected a few hundreds of dollars for the families of the sufferers, and with this money the Canadian doctor went to North Elba, and there found four women made widows in the anti-slavery contest. It was a sad but strangely interesting thing to see and converse with them. They constantly consoled themselves and their sympathizing friends by referring to the great cause, and for it all seemed ready to suffer and to die.

Dr. Ross has ever since kept up an affectionate correspondence with the members of John Brown's family. From two letters received by him, we have been allowed to make extracts. The first is from his eldest daughter:

I know my dear father loved you, and it is but natural that his children should love you. For your devotion to father, and the interest you have shown in his children, my heart goes out gratefully.

RUTH BROWN THOMPSON.

Pasadena, California, Dec. 30th, 1892

The second is from his youngest daughter:

May the God that John Brown believed in and trusted bless you and yours, for your

kindness to his sick and helpless daughters. This (the aid sent) will keep my children from going hungry.

ANNE BROWN ADAMS.

Petrolia, California, Jan. 7th, 1893.

Some of the money (about \$400) subscribed for the sufferers at North Elba was given by distinguished members of the Canadian Parliament, then in session.(a) The names of these donors are reserved at their request, but among others in Toronto, mention may be made of the late Mr. Glover Garrison who was a member of the Liberty League. Two Canadians fell at Harper's Ferry. William H. Lehman, who had been the youngest member of the Chatham Convention, was shot and killed, after surrendering, by Shoppart, a militiaman. Steward Taylor was a fellow-countryman of Lehman's. Both were natives of the township of Markham, near Toronto, as Dr. Ross informs me, but Mr. Hinton gives Maine as the latter's birth-place, and his name as Leeman.

Richard Richardson was a Missouri slave, rescued by Brown. He is since dead. Some of the other members of the Convention are yet living in the United States. Since the decease of Messrs. Hunton and Holden, Mr. Jones is, as stated, the only survivor in Canada. They did not go to Virginia. Mr. Jones and Mr. Holden had then gone on a visit to the Pacific Coast. Mr. J. Madison Bell was a writer of ability, who lived for a time in St. Catharines and Chatham, and then settled in Toledo, Ohio. Ira D. Shadd and his brother Isaac, Chatham boys, removed to the South, and both of

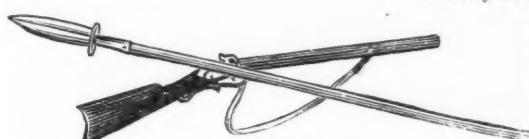
(a) The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in his life of Gerrit Smith, says: "Alexander M. Ross, of Canada, whose remarkable exploits in running off slaves caused such consternation in the Southern States, was in communication with Gerrit Smith from first to last, was aided by him in his preparation with information and counsel, and had a close understanding with him in regard to his course of procedure. Both these men made the rescue of slaves a personal matter." To a very few of his New York and Philadelphia friends, Dr. Ross was known by his name, but the Quakers knew him as "The Helper," Emerson and his Boston associates as "The Canadian Knight." The colored people called him "Moses" and "The Helper." Other names were adopted as emergencies and safety required

them became men of prominence. James H. Harris was a representative in Congress from North Carolina.

Some refer to the taking of Forts Moultrie and Castle Pinckney, or to the attack on Fort Sumter by the Confederacy, as the first blows of the late civil war. Others find in the Harper's Ferry affair, the initial outbreak, the bursting forth of the fire which had been long angrily smouldering on the south-western borders of the Commonwealth. Few will, in the light of history, deny that in the little school-house and engine hall of Chatham, the train was laid that fired the mine, whence resulted the overthrow of the proud Southern oligarchy.

The presiding genius of the Chatham Convention was the soul which soon after animated thousands of Union soldiers, as they fought for their country, and brought joy and freedom to the bondmen. When the men moved on, under Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, the memory of the old hero's pious valor cheered their hearts, and roused to emulation of his bravery, as they marched, they sang :

John Brown died that the slave might be free ;
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."



JOHN BROWN'S PIKE AND GUN.

Copy of the letter from Brown, using name of Mr. Bell, after the Convention :

CHATHAM CANADA WEST,
May 21st, 1858.

DEAR SON AND OTHER FRIENDS ALL—The letters of three of your number are received, dated the 16th, by which we learn the difficulty you find in getting employment. It seems that all but three have managed to stop their board bills, and I do hope the bal-

ance will follow the *manlike* and *noble* example of patience and perseverance set them by the others, instead of being either discouraged or out of humor. The weather is so wet here that no work can be obtained. I have only received \$15 from the east, and such has been the effect of the course taken by F. (Col. Forbes), on our eastern friends, that I have some fears that we shall be compelled to delay further action for the present. They (his Eastern friends) urge us to do so, promising us liberal assistance after a while. I am in hourly expectation of help sufficient to pay off our board bills here, and to take us on to Cleveland, to see and advise with you, which we shall do at once when we get the means. Suppose we do have to defer our direct efforts, shall great and noble minds either indulge in useless complaint or fold their arms in discouragement, or sit in idleness, when we may at least avoid losing ground. It is in times of difficulty that men show what they are ; it is in such times that men mark themselves. Are our difficulties such as to make us give up one of the noblest enterprises in which men ever were engaged ?

Write JAMES M. BELL,
Your Sincere Friend.

The following letter was received by the author from Mr. John Brown, Jr., with a photograph of his father given :

PUT-IN-BAY, OTTAWA CO.,
Ohio, Aug 4th.
J. C. HAMILTON, Esq.,
Toronto, Canada.

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 6th July enclosing manuscript, came duly, but illness had prevented an earlier reply. Have read the articles you sent with deep interest, and most sincerely do I thank you for sending them.

Wish it were in my power to add anything which would give additional interest to your story of my father's career in Canada. The account you have given of it is ably written, and shows that true *apprehension* of his real character, which in my view gives great value to your paper.

The C. Whipple referred to (whose real name is Aaron D. Stevens), accompanied father and Kagi at the time the 12 slaves (Sam. Harper being one), were taken from Missouri through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan into Canada. He was at the convention you describe ; was at Harper's Ferry, and was subsequently executed at Charlestown, Va.

Father was only about five feet ten and one half inches in height, and not so broad shouldered as many have represented him.

His weight was about 150 lbs. ; he was muscular and active and had uncommon endurance, physical and mental. The description of him, as without a beard, would apply to him only up to the last two or three years of his life, when he ceased to shave. His beard was white, his hair iron-grey. With your valuable paper, which I return to you by tomorrow's mail, I send you a photograph of my father, copied from a copy of the original which he gave to me at Andover, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, June 18th, 1859, when on his way to Harper's Ferry. This is an excellent picture, showing him with full beard as it was at the time of his execution, December 2nd, 1859.

Please accept, with the sincere regards of
Faithfully yours,
JOHN BROWN, JR.

Authorities referred to :

The Public Life of John Brown. By James Redpath, 1860.

Life and Letters of John Brown, liberator of Kansas, and Martyr of Virginia. By F. B. Sanborn, 1885.

John Brown and His Men. By Richard J. Hinton, article in Frank Leslie's Monthly, June, 1880.

Book by same author, under same title. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1894.

Original papers in possession of Dr. A. M. Ross, Toronto.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

At Christmas time, from clime to clime,
Each star to star doth sweetly chime,
Till all the heavens are ringed with rhyme.

Then, loosed above, a note thereof,
Floats downward like a wandering dove,
And all the world is ringed with love.

—JOHN B. TABB



HUDSON'S BAY.

BY GEO. H. BRADBURY.

IN undertaking to prepare a paper on the practicability of using the Hudson's Bay route for commercial purposes, I have not failed to recognize the very great importance of the subject, and I have endeavored to make the different phases of it as clear as possible, so that all may understand the importance of opening up this Northern outlet.

The building of a railroad from Winnipeg, or some other point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the Hudson's Bay, means the bringing of Liverpool at least 1,000 miles nearer Manitoba than it really is by the present routes. As Liverpool is the market for the productions of the North-West, this great saving in distance would be of incalculable value to that portion of the Dominion.

The question of the practicability of navigating the Hudson's Straits in safety is one that has excited much interest for the last two centuries. By a careful study of the reports of the different men who have explored these straits, we find a very satisfactory solution to this question.

Hudson's Bay has not been inaptly termed the Mediterranean of North America. It is a large sea, situated between the parallels of 51 degrees and 64 degrees north latitude and is therefore well outside the Arctic zone, and lies between the meridians of 78 degrees and 95 degrees west long. It is about 1,000 miles in length from north to south, and is some 600 miles wide, and covers an area of nearly 600,000 square miles.

Hudson's Bay is remarkably free from rocks and shoals, and it has an average depth of about 420 feet. So uniform are the soundings, that Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, in a

paper prepared by him in 1881 on the commercial importance of Hudson's Bay had no hesitation in saying that if, through any convulsion of nature, this vast basin were to be drained, we should find an immense level similar to the prairies of the West.

The same authority informs us that storms in the bay are very rare, and by no means formidable; that icebergs are never seen, and that fogs, the most dreaded enemy with which sailors have to contend, are of rare occurrence, and of but short duration; the climate of the shores of the bay during the summer months is mild and genial, and vegetables, such as potatoes, lettuce, beet-root, onions and many others, are grown in the open air.

It is asserted by Dr. Bell that the temperature of the water in Hudson's Bay is several degrees higher than the water in Lake Superior; and, in support of this assertion, Lieutenant Gordon, who was sent by the Canadian Government in command of the expeditions dispatched to Hudson's Bay for the purpose of reporting on its feasibility as a commercial route, writes, in his official despatch, that Hudson's Bay may be regarded as a vast basin of comparatively warm water, the effect of which must be to ameliorate the winter climate to the south and east of it.

The principal, and, as far as we know at present, the only practicable approach to Hudson's Bay in a ship is through Hudson's Strait, a deep channel about 500 miles in length, which separates Labrador from the islands of Arctic America. The strait has an average breadth of about 100 miles, but the width in the narrowest part of the channel is not more than

45 miles. The soundings in the strait vary from 900 to 1800 feet, and it is wonderfully free from shoals or rocks, or any other obstacles that would tend to make the navigation of a narrow channel more than ordinarily dangerous.

The stories of the early voyages to Hudson's Straits are important to us, because they form a cumulative evidence respecting its navigability in the months when such voyages were made. John Davis, an Arctic explorer, returning from the extreme northern point which he had reached in 1587, passed across the mouth of the strait on the 1st of August, and called it the Over Fall, on account of the fact that the tides meeting at the mouth of the strait caused the water to be agitated and to appear like a fall: and in 1602 the East India Company sent out Captain Waymouth on a voyage of discovery, and he reports having entered during his voyage an inlet in the same latitude that Davis had located the Over Fall. Hence it was that Luke Fox, who subsequently made a voyage, recorded such information as to light Hudson into the straits a very short time afterwards.

In 1610, Henry Hudson was dispatched in the little *Discovery*, of 55 tons, with a crew of 21 men, to find the North-West passage by way of the opening discovered by Davis in 1587. The labors of Hudson bore rich fruit, and he deserves a high place among our early geographers. His name is never likely to be forgotten; it is borne by the strait and by the great bay to which it leads; it is affectionately remembered by the thousands of happy families now living on the banks of that beautiful river called after him in the State of New York. It was Hudson who opened to his own countrymen the fisheries of Spitzbergen, and the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Territory. He thus built up for himself a far more enduring monument than his

fondest dreams could have anticipated.

Henry Hudson entered the strait which bears his name in the end of June, 1610, and, according to his journal, was at first much troubled with ice. For some time he experienced difficulty in making his way westward, and on the 11th of July, fearing a storm, he anchored under the shelter of three rocky islands, to which he gave the name of "The Isles of God's Mercy." They are marked on the present charts as the Middle Savage Islands. Thence he pushed his way westward to what is known as Digges Island and to Cape Wolstenholme, at the entrance of Hudson's Bay; but unfortunately, this is the last recorded incident in his journal. For an account of the remainder of the voyage we have to trust to the narrative written by one of the survivors, which, although of thrilling interest, contains little geographical information. The story of his wintering in the bay, and of the mutinous conduct of the crew, and of the abandonment of Hudson and his son in an open boat, is told by this survivor, named Habakuk Prickett. The *Discovery* returned through Hudson's Straits early in August of 1611, without any difficulty, and the report of the survivors led to the dispatch of another expedition in the ensuing spring.

Sir Thomas Button, who commanded this expedition of 1612, proceeded through the strait in June and reached Digges Island without much hindrance from ice. He wintered on the west coast of Hudson's Bay, and returned through the strait in the summer of 1613 without the slightest difficulty.

And again, in 1615, another expedition was dispatched in the little *Discovery*, under the command of Robert Bylot, with that accomplished navigator, William Baffin, as pilot. During this voyage, Hudson's Straits were entered about the end of May, and on the 8th of June we find them anchored at the Savage Islands, or the Isles

of God's Mercy, where Hudson anchored in 1610. From this they proceeded westward along the northern shore, and stopped at a place named by Baffin as the Broken Point. This spot is memorable, from the fact that here the first lunar observation ever taken in the bay was taken by William Baffin on this occasion. This admirable pilot drew a most interesting chart of the coast line, on which the prominent headlands and islands are delineated with a fair approach to accuracy. The *Discovery* returned through the straits in August, without meeting any obstacles in the way of ice. But the great mistake made by Baffin, and indeed by all the Arctic explorers, was that they returned too early in the season to give us the information sought after, namely, the length of the season during which ships can sail through the straits safely. But by referring to reports of later navigators, we can fix a period of from three to four months in the year, when sailing vessels can easily pass through the strait. The Hudson's Bay Company's ships have navigated the bay and straits for the last 250 years, and by the records of their trips, it is proven beyond a doubt that the strait is safe for sailing vessels for from three to four months of the year.

But in this age of steam and of powerfully constructed ships, I think it can be proven beyond any reasonable doubt that ships constructed for the purpose of ice navigation, can navigate the Hudson's Bay and Strait for a period of five months of the year. In support of this, I will offer the evidence of some of the navigators who have navigated the Hudson's Bay and Strait for many years.

Capt. Wm. Kennedy, who commanded an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and who has had eight years' experience of the strait, says that from June to November—five months—the strait is perfectly safe.

Mr. W. A. Archibald, for many years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory, says the bay and strait can be navigated from June to December—six months—safely.

The Dominion Government sent out three expeditions to the strait and bay during the years 1884-'85-'86, under command of Lieutenant Gordon, in all of whose reports the navigation is placed at four months. But Capt. J. J. Barry, the first officer in each of those expeditions, and an experienced Newfoundland sealer, says that ocean steamers can enter the bay in June, and come out as late as December. Mr. W. A. Ashe, superintendent of the Quebec Observatory, the officer of the expedition in charge of the station on the north coast of the strait from August, 1884, to September, 1885, says the strait is navigable for from four and a half to six and a half months, the period varying according to the class of ships.

Capt. John Macpherson, of Stepney, London, as first officer and captain in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, made voyages from London to Hudson's Bay and return, annually, for 20 years, and he writes, "There is no reason why steamships could not make the passage of the strait and bay as early as the 13th of June, and return as late as the middle of November,"—five and a half months.

With such information as this before me, I am fully justified in claiming that with ships constructed for navigating these waters, the passage can be made safely any time during a period of at least five months of the year.

I think I have demonstrated clearly that the navigation of Hudson's Bay and Strait is really practicable beyond any reasonable doubt. It is, therefore, my purpose to show the great benefit that the fact of the Hudson's Bay and Strait being navigable for commercial purposes will confer on Canada as a whole and more par-

ticularly on the Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

The Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories lie far to the west of the nearest port on the Atlantic seaboard. A railway journey of 1,425 miles from Montreal, the nearest sea-port, is necessary before reaching Winnipeg, which is situated at the extreme eastern limit of the fertile belt of the North-West. It is 1,781 miles by the shortest present railway route from Montreal to Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories, and the centre of the great wheat-growing region. There is an average distance of some 2,000 miles from Montreal, which is the nearest seaport, to the cattle ranches of Alberta. These distances are very great, and the cost of transportation of the products of the country is so heavy that the farmers and producers of the North-West Territories are handicapped in competing with the farmers of the older provinces, who are so much nearer the seaboard.

And, as a consequence of this enormous handicap, which has very seriously retarded the development of a country vast in extent, and exceedingly rich in the resources of its soil and grazing lands, we are forced in the interest of our great North-West to look for a shorter way to the seaboard, so that the farmers and producers of the North-West may be placed on an even footing with those of the older provinces and of the Eastern States. And with this object in view, we look at the existing relationship between the North-West and the sea to the north of it, which is the natural outlet for that vast country.

Lying immediately north and within 700 miles of the principal centres of trade and population is Hudson's Bay, projecting itself far into the interior, as if to invite the commerce of the whole of that region—the future home for millions. A port on the west shore of Hudson's Bay at the mouth of the Churchill River, would be

nearer to Liverpool, the great mart of the world, than is Montreal or New York, and a railway from Winnipeg or Regina to Hudson's Bay would bring the North-West 1,000 miles closer to Liverpool than it is at the present day, and place that great country on an equal footing in respect to European markets with the Province of Ontario or the other provinces to the eastward.

Recognizing this fact, a company of gentlemen, with Mr. Hugh Sutherland as president, sent out exploring parties as early as 1881, with instructions to locate a line from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay.

As I was at that time in business on Lake Winnipeg, I saw this party when on their way to the bay, and after their return I had the pleasure of reading the reports made by one of the engineers, and have since had many conversations with members of that exploring party. And from these and other sources I learned that a road could be constructed without more than ordinary difficulty.

After the preliminary survey, Mr. Hugh Sutherland and his associates made application to the Dominion Parliament for a charter, which was granted. The Company is known as the "Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company." They were incorporated to build a line from Winnipeg to a port on Hudson's Bay, and also a branch from the crossing of the Saskatchewan river to a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway at or near Regina, thus making a system in the form of a Y, with one of its southern termini in the heart of the wheat-growing region, and the other at Winnipeg, the commercial metropolis of the North-West. To aid in carrying out this enterprise, Parliament voted a subsidy of 8,480,000 acres of land adjacent to the line of railway, and gave the Company such powers as to make its charter the most liberal in the Dominion.

So necessary to the development of

the North-West is this enterprise regarded by the people of the country, that the Manitoba Legislature, while the late and lamented Hon. John Norquay was Premier of the Province, passed an act guaranteeing interest for 25 years at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on \$4,500,000 of the bonds of the Company. This substantial aid to the undertaking was voted for the purpose of assisting the Company to finance the scheme at once, and thus secure the early completion of the entire line from Winnipeg to the bay. But, unfortunately for the Company and the country, the Norquay Government was defeated just at the time when this act was proving a great help to the Company in making financial arrangements, and the Greenway party came into power. One of the first acts this party did after taking office was to repeal the act granting the Hudson Bay Railway Company aid, and by doing so they checked the financial arrangements going on at that time for the construction of the railway.

Hudson's Bay is the natural outlet for the productions, not only of the North-West Territories of Canada, but of the Western States to the south. From their geographical position, Minnesota, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and other western areas of the United States, will necessarily be tributary to this route, as it will offer them the same advantages as the Canadian territories would possess. In the Red River Valley of Minnesota and Dakota upwards of twenty million bushels of wheat are produced annually. Over 80 per cent. of this is exported, and would naturally find its way over the Hudson's Bay route to England, instead of going, as it does now, over the long and expensive route through to the Atlantic seaboard. The construction of the Hudson's Bay Railway will be a saving to the farmers and shippers from the North-West to Liverpool, of one-third of the present freight charges. It has

been estimated that the saving in freight to shippers of cattle would be about \$15 per head, and to wheat shippers not less than 10 cents per bushel, from Winnipeg or Regina. It must, therefore, be evident that a road that will confer such advantages must eventually be constructed, and that the Government of Canada can well afford to assist in its construction. The Canadian Pacific Railway was a necessity to Canada, and has bound the different Provinces together more effectually than any other tie that exists. The Dominion Government deserve and have the thanks of all good Canadians for the manner in which they pushed this great national highway on to completion in the face of a very persistent, and, at times, unscrupulous, opposition by the leading men on the opposite side of the House. The Government have recognized the importance of opening up our great North-West Territories, and have done much in that direction by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but their work of developing is not yet completed, nor will it be until they have given to our North-West its natural outlet by the Hudson's Bay. This they could do by rendering to the Hudson's Bay Railway Company the necessary assistance to enable it to secure the required amount of money to complete a first-class railroad system from different points on the C.P.R. to Hudson's Bay: and by assisting this enterprise so as to insure its completion at an early date, they will have assured the rapid settlement of our great North-West country, which means a much greater market for our Eastern manufacturer and the rapid extension of our interprovincial trade, which, after all, is the great factor in the prosperity of our Dominion. The C.P.R. would thereby be benefited greatly, having this trade practically in its own hands.

A more direct route than our present route for European immigrants to the North-West is urgently needed.

Many of those who left their old homes in past years with the purpose of trying their future in that new "country of illimitable possibilities," as Lord Dufferin happily described it, drifted into the United States. This was almost inevitable from the mixed route which had for so many years afforded the only means of access to that country. The loss to Canada in wealth and population which has been occasioned in this way is incalculable, but further loss will be effectually checked by the opening up of this new route, for immigrants will be brought into the country without being exposed to the allurements of foreign land agents.

I feel perfectly satisfied, after a careful investigation of this subject, that with a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, and with a first-class line of steamships built for navigating the waters between Liverpool and Churchill, the port on the Hudson's Bay, that the passage can be made safely in ten days, at any time from the middle of June until the first of November. When one considers the fact that the passage from Liverpool to the terminus of a railroad on the Hudson's Bay could be made so quickly, it will be apparent that such a route, from a strategical point of view as well as from a commercial one, would prove an invaluable route to the British Government, as well as to the Canadian Government, making it possible to land an army on the Pacific coast in two weeks from leaving Liverpool, an advantage which, in case of trouble on the Pacific, would prove of immense value to Britain.

But, it has been said by those who do not know, that it would be expensive to construct a railway from Winnipeg to the bay. This is apparently not the case; and in corroboration of this assumption, I submit a few passages from the reports of the engineers who have been over the line.

Adrian Nelson, one of the engineers, writes as follows, in his report to the

directors of the road:—"Gentlemen, I beg to submit the following report on the feasibility and construction of the proposed railway to Hudson's Bay. The country that the railway passes through is of such description as to offer but few engineering difficulties in the construction of it. The whole of the country partakes of the nature of a flat plain, the first half being practically level, and the remainder, with a slight exception, having a gradual and almost imperceptible slope to the Hudson's Bay. There is very little rock work, and the country, far from being drowned, is well drained by a system of rivers and lakes. Besides this, there is an abundance of timber and stone."

And Mr. W. W. Kirkpatrick, another of the engineers, who made an exploratory survey of the line to the Hudson's Bay in the fall of 1881 and the winter of 1882, says: "There is no difficulty in building a railway through this country. There are no heavy grades or cuttings, and very little rock work. Tie timber and ballast are plentiful in the vicinity, while nearly all streams crossed appear to have timber suitable for bridging. The country is fairly level, and about equally divided into prairie and timber sections, and considerably cut up by lakes and hay marshes. The soil on the average appears good, and I believe will prove a favorable country for settlement."

But, it is impossible, in the brief space of an article, to advance one-tenth part of the information I might advance corroborative of the position I have taken on this subject, of using the Hudson's Bay for commercial purposes.

I have, I think, though, made it clear that sailing vessels can navigate the Hudson's Straits for at least three months of the year. It is a well known fact among navigators, that when there is a heavy wind blowing the flow ice becomes packed, but during the calm the ice separates by the action of

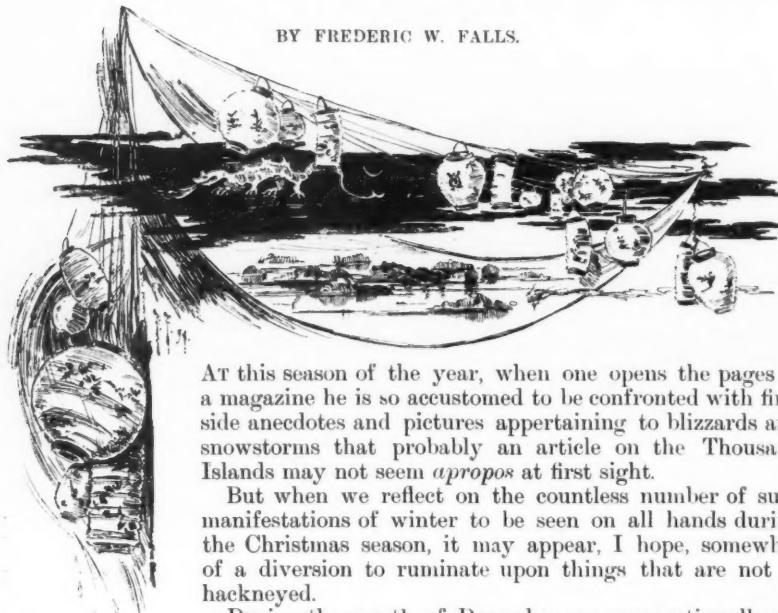
the water and makes it possible for a ship to proceed, provided she has the power of locomotion, the absence of which is the great difficulty with a sailing vessel, for when there is a good wind, it is possible that the ice may pack, blocking the passage, but just as soon as the wind calms down, the ice divides so that there is clear water to go ahead in. But as a sailing vessel cannot move without wind, it must be quite plain that such vessels cannot make a success of navigating waters where they are likely to meet with ice. But, on the other hand, steamships constructed for ice navigation are independent of the wind, and would even sail along through ice that a sailing vessel dare not approach. This being the case, I do not think it unreasonable to say that a ship constructed for ice navigation would find no difficulty in making the passage through the strait and bay any time from the middle of June until the first of November. The American people are alive to the great importance of this route. It is only a few months since Senator Davis, speaking in the Senate at Washington, drew the attention of the House to the fact that

if the Hudson's Bay route were opened up the trade of the north-western States would be diverted to it, and the Canadians would thereby reap the benefits of the large carrying trade from the States adjacent to Manitoba and the North-West Territories; and to check this, he advised the enlarging of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. But, the United States may enlarge their canals and improve their shipping facilities, but all will be of no avail. They cannot concentrate and keep the trade of these States within their own boundaries, because they are working against nature. The Hudson's Bay is the natural outlet, to the European markets, for the whole north-west portion of this continent, and, just as soon as this route is opened up, the large export trade of Minnesota, Dakota and Montana will find its way to England through Hudson's Bay. This, in itself, would insure a large and paying trade to the road, and our own great North-West would be benefitted beyond calculation, and would, I have no doubt, be rapidly settled, and our Dominion be greatly strengthened and enriched thereby.



THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.



AT this season of the year, when one opens the pages of a magazine he is so accustomed to be confronted with fireside anecdotes and pictures appertaining to blizzards and snowstorms that probably an article on the Thousand Islands may not seem *apropos* at first sight.

But when we reflect on the countless number of such manifestations of winter to be seen on all hands during the Christmas season, it may appear, I hope, somewhat of a diversion to ruminate upon things that are not so hackneyed.

During the month of December, we are continually reminded in multifarious ways of the have been written upon at other seasons. * * * * *

ice and snow, the wind and frost, amid

which we Northerners are thought to

be embedded.

Turn whatever way we will at this season, and we peer through a vista of Christmas trees. Gaze in any direction we please, and the scene discovers a view of Santa Claus' beard, tangled and wind-tossed, that seems to arise out of everything, in some magical way quite consistent with the general belief of enchantments that are supposed to attach to that mystical visitor.

Wherever we look, all things seem imbued with the prevailing spirit: as has been said, it permeates even the literature, and disports itself among the illustrations, with a frequency that is sometimes painful.

If an article on the Thousand Isles, therefore, may not seem to be in keeping with the general current of reading matter at present in circulation, it will, perhaps, at this time of the year, present the aspect of novelty, however much it may be thought to

When the great Homer, aged and infirm, imbued with the profound mythological spirit of his age, dreamt the dream embodied in those intricate strokes and tails and curves to be found in Odessy IX., and which drive to the verge of lunacy every university student of to-day, he little thought that there existed to the westward, five thousand miles from where he lived and moved and had his being, in the yet undiscovered western world, the entity and real object—the personification and very being of those things which he supposed existed only in the inmost recesses of his fervid imagination. But we, coming half that number of years after him, with our characteristic faculty of discovery, have at last located his dreamland, and given to it the very commonplace and mathematical cognomen of the "Thousand Isles." If he had lived in our time he would have found his Lotos Land ensconced in the bosom of a mighty stream

which is known to the people of this age by the title of "River St. Lawrence."

That the spot to which we refer is

some over-drawn, chaotic idea, conjured up from conning over vapid descriptions of wonderful sights, read of but rarely seen, and expects to find



IN AMERICAN WATERS, LOOKING TOWARD THE CANADIAN MAIN LAND.

a perfect garden, there can be no disputing, in spite of what certain blasé travellers may say to the contrary.

Of course, if a man goes there with

the beautiful sunsets of the Lower St. Lawrence, the grand and terrific storms of the Hudson, the ever-changing panorama of antiquated chateaux

and castles on the Rhine, and the mountain scenery of Switzerland, he will be disappointed, for in the absence of these things our dreamland is conspicuous.

But in spite of a deficiency in these qualities that make those other places famous, it nevertheless possesses a beauty and charm all its own. It has a personality as magnetic as that possessed by any politician that ever lived, without all the customary malfeasance that is supposed, by the opposite party, to attach to such individuals.

The beauty of the Thousand Isles is unique; and the scenery to be found there is almost undiscoverable in any other part of the world. This archipelago lies midway between the cities of Kingston and Brockville, on the queen of rivers of the North American continent.

It has never been claimed by the admirers of this beautiful garden of nature that its scenery is as grand as that of some of the places I have named, for instance, the Hudson. The scenery of the Thousand Isles is, emphatically, not grand, but it is pretty. It is prettier, perhaps, than any other to be found on this continent; herein we make the distinction between grand and pretty landscapes.

The scenery of our Fairyland is not as bold, nor is it as impressive to the passing tourist, as that of the Hudson, but it is more dainty: a more refined beauty, we might say, is that of the Thousand Isles, and one, too, that is not so demonstrative.

Their beauty is that of a delightful succession of vignettes, rather than of any one grand picture, and the proper way to see and feel it is to holiday among them, beholding their changing moods and aspects from day to day.

It is not in rugged wildness that our archipelago bids for our esteem; but, in the landlocked bays and tiny lakelets lie mirrored the allurements and fascinations, the charms and en-

chantments, that hold in a state of captivity all those who reflect upon its beauties. There are few lovely sunsets, no charming cloud-effects of light and shade, nor is there the abundance of indefinite mists met, as one sees on the Hudson, but there are a thousand and one other charms, more subtle and more gentle, that appeal to the senses in as many multisonous silver tones.

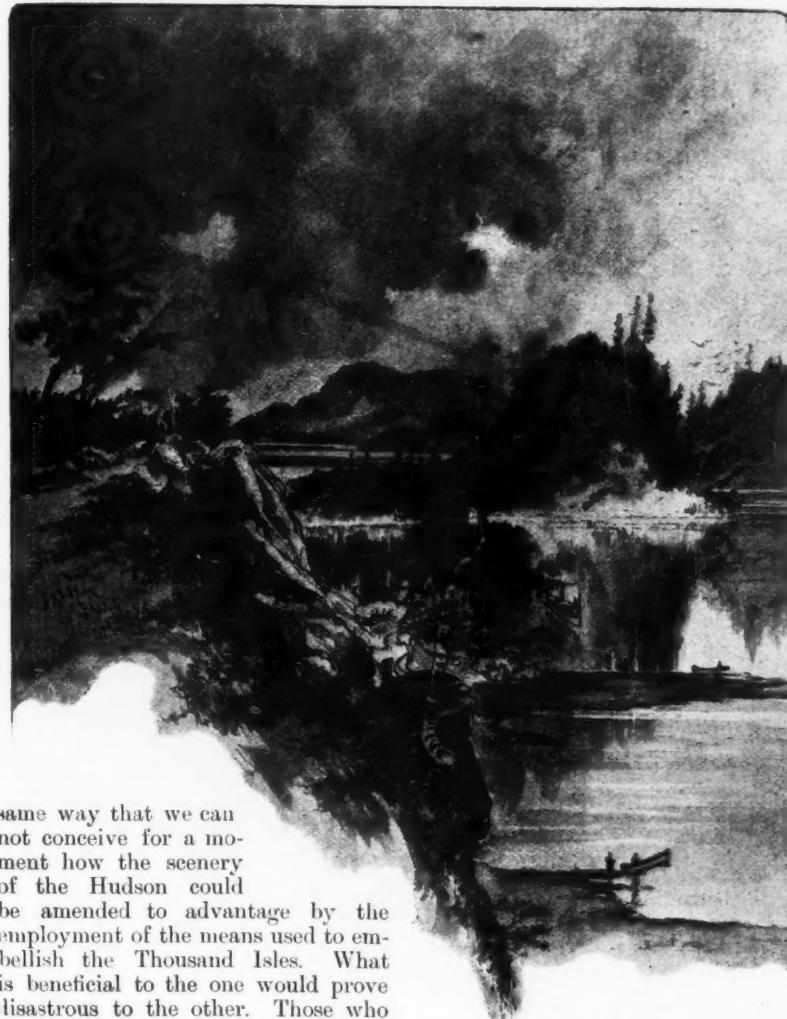
When that great French explorer, Champlain, first set eyes upon the "Garden of the Great Spirit," as the spot was then called, he exultantly exclaimed, "Fairyland!" If, however, he could feast his delighted vision on the Thousand Islands of to-day, we fear he would scarce find attributes in the English and French languages combined to befittingly qualify his former exclamation.

Grand as were these islands two centuries and a half ago, in all their unknown magnitude, solemn and lonely in the midst of a forest wilderness, majestically beautiful in their rugged adornment of angular rock and disjointed trees, they are undoubtedly surpassed by the Thousand Islands of to-day.

During the time that has elapsed since the French explorer encountered them, on his return journey from the discovery of the great *mer douce* of the Hurons, to the ninety-fourth year of the present century, wonderful changes have taken place in the aspect of these fairy isles. Ugly, disjointed trees have been removed; sharp, dangerous crags have been transported; channels have been deepened and canals cut; cottages built, and lighthouses erected. Art has just gone far enough; Nature has been adequately adapted and left unmolested for the rest. Everything that the two combined can produce is here associated to make this spot a perfect garden.

The descriptive writer of to-day may tell you that in consequence there is a lack of rusticity about the spot which precludes it taking front rank

among the grandiose places of the world, but with this we are inclined to disagree. Rather do we think it the kind of landscape that will be improved with improvement; just in the hotel on the tip of "Anthony's Nose," or planting a St. Lawrence light-house in the middle of "Cro' Nest," but who will not say that the removal of boulders, and the transformation of crags in



LAKE OF THE ISLES.

same way that we can not conceive for a moment how the scenery of the Hudson could be amended to advantage by the employment of the means used to embellish the Thousand Isles. What is beneficial to the one would prove disastrous to the other. Those who have been down the Hudson could imagine possibly the horror of Washington Irving at the thought of dividing "Sugar Loaf" for artistic purposes, or locating a Thousand Island

such channels as the last one at the Thousand Isles, is not beneficial, either from an artistic point of view, or for

considerations of safety? whereas, the making a unit of three insular fragments by the use of rustic bridges, such as those employed at Sport Island, off Westminster Park, will appear advantageous to even those who have not had the good fortune of seeing it.

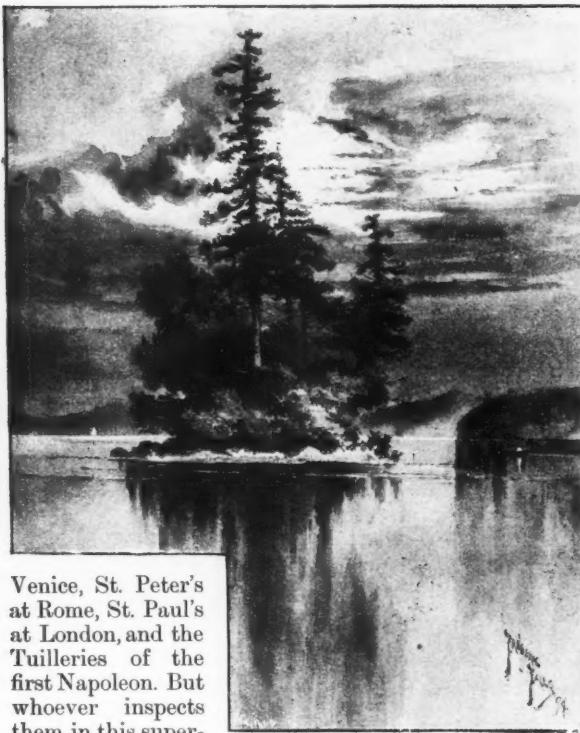
Many people view these fairy isles much in the same way as the expeditious American, who spends fifteen mortal minutes in doing St. Mark's at

I fully appreciate that forty miles of island scenery thus viewed will produce a feeling of fatigue that is said to overcome one, even on the Rhine, after gazing uninterrupted at an endless panorama of ruined castles, and a similar feeling manifests itself early in the trip up the Hudson.

In this partial way, the Duke of Argyll viewed the Thousand Islands, and this may account for his unfavorable report that followed. But by such unfair procedure no just verdict can be reached.

If one would see the Thousand Isles to advantage, he should tarry with them. He should pause for a moment in his wild chase for dollars and cents, and enter into the life that envelops them. He should procure a canoe, and paddle, paddle, paddle from island to island, from shore to shore, now pursuing his way through channels that seem to have no outlet: now pushing a course between rocks that appear to meet behind, and have no inlet, and again turning a sharp angle that discloses to view a passage which leads to a

widening of the river, until he encounters a veritable lake within the river, in which is reflected every shade of living green. He should see and feel these isles in all their varied moods; in the early morn and in the evening; in the noonday sun and by moonlight; decked in May flowers,



THE SENTINEL—ENTRANCE TO LAKE OF
THE ISLES.

Venice, St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's at London, and the Tuilleries of the first Napoleon. But whoever inspects them in this superficial, off-hand manner, misses one of the grandest experiences of a lifetime.

What is seen of them from the deck of a passing steamer is no fair criterion to judge these isles by. It is no equitable measure to compare them with places that we see to advantage, in this cursory manner, and which suffer from closer inspection.

and garbed in the variegated tints of October. He should breathe their piney breaths, and drink in the delicious ozone breezes that fondly play around them even in the hottest weather.



A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE.

Then, indeed, will their beauty be disclosed in all its splendor, and the tourist will wish to linger and sojourn there forever, like Ulysses on the Libyan shores; forgetting that there exists such a thundering old machine as this every-day world in which we move, and living in a state of dreamy forgetfulness of stocks and bonds, of bulls and bears.

Here a man may, if he choose, put aside all the cares and vicissitudes of life. Here he can, for as many delicious hours as he please, unlearn the name of the country town in which he lives. Here he may study to forget for the term of his sojourn the common mercantile interests that yield him his subsistence, and, awakening from his reverie, find himself refreshed to resume his daily avocation.

But these are generalities: let me be more specific.

It was July at the Thousand Isles, and our cit was tired and jaded. Not that in itself there is anything very strange in that individual being

tired and jaded, for those who know him best affirm he is always in that highly unsatisfactory condition. Nor is there much apparent oddity, either, in the fact that it was the seventh month of the year in question which enveloped our fairylan, for the same chapter of thirty-one days had simultaneously



been opened to the rest of the world. If the Hibernicism may be pardoned, I might say that had it been otherwise, it would have been different.

But the point I wish to emphasize is, that at this time our cit was particularly tired and jaded, a thing which ensues each year, with the same regularity as the month of Julius is known to advance with.

It was a happy thought, therefore, which proposed to relieve this physical imbecility — temporarily at all events.

very uncertain signs of having been explored by anybody else, until he seemed completely carried away and intoxicated by the wealth of beauty that on all sides surrounded him; the result of all which was to greatly retard the hour of arrival upon the promised island.

It was late in the evening, therefore, when on turning a sudden angle which he well knew would disclose to view the wide expanse of Eel Bay, that he dropped his paddle in wonder and bewilderment.



GRAMLI ISLAND.

Accordingly, one bright afternoon during the season referred to, he confided his tiny canoe at Gananoque to the tender mercies of the elements that bathe the water-front of that thriving little Canadian town, and taking paddle, headed for Grindstone Island, which lay opposite, with the intention of spending the night there, and rising as early as the bass and the flies beloved of bass, upon the succeeding morn.

But, as 'tis his usual wont to dally, he made many strange and unnecessary pilgrimages into channels hitherto unexplored by himself, and bearing

The sky was sombre, and the woodland background was jet. There was no moon, but there was a strange substitute: across the broad surface of the bay moved a mysterious formation of quivering and delicate lights.

What could it be?

The stars shone brightly overhead; but it was not they, nor was it their reflection; neither did it emanate from the lights upon shore, for our startled cit was well aware that no rude dwellings defiled the shores of this lovely bay.

In form it took the shape of some huge sea monster, winding leisurely



above a mirror. From the luminous crests upon its uneven back, it might have been taken for a dragon basking in the blaze from its own resplendency, and staring at the affrighted onlooker with two large lustrous eyes that seemed to illuminate the very cavity 'twixt its tremendous jaws.

Slowly it moved along the surface in its serpentine course, as it crept stealthily towards the visitor, casting a shower of phosphorescent darts from its longer horns, and shooting, betimes, a score of ruby and emerald tongues of flame from out its capacious mouth.

What could it be? He asked himself the question with bated breath.

Had he come upon the gambols of one of those mighty dragons, whose frolics afford the Japanese such infinite studies, in the creation of cameos and carved ivory-work, in the designing of embroidery, and in the embellishment of bronze? Or, had the rareness of the air removed all sense of distance, and were these merely colonies of fire-flies sporting restively 'mid the evening gloom? From the myriad lights it would have seemed possible, had they not been constituted of every conceivable prismatic tint. Had he then been dreaming—there are many who affirm that he is perpetually in this state—and was he simply viewing

some musée illusion, through the large end of a magnifying glass? His own diminished self-importance told him it was possible.

Meanwhile, the glistening worm continues its circuitous advance.

Now he can detect little rings of fire of red and blue, of yellow and green. Anon there is a burst of phosphorescent flame, reddening his every feature; while presently, he almost capsizes his canoe in a vain endeavor to escape the shower of sparks that descends upon his head.

Had he happened in this lonely way upon the Hudson, he would have given it but a passing thought and concluded that it was some midnight orgy of the little imps, in "broad breeches and short doublets," whom Washington Irving tells us infest that river. Afloat on strips of bark, they seemed, with fire-flies for lamps, the tails of squirrels as sails, and loons' feet for paddles; led by that "little bulbous-buttoned Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar-loaf hat, which they say keeps the Donderberg." But, as he had every reason to believe that at present he existed some few hundred miles from the scene where such midnight wassails are said to be, and had always been taught that they were never known to be nomadic: how

could he place such a construction upon these things that he now beheld passing before him.

In the interim, the phosphorescent head continues to approach, and the glowing eyes stare with an intensity that is only equalled by the reflection of each, which seems to act in concert with the serpent's every move.

this distance, it might be taken for the rattle of the serpent, but, on closer inspection, it proves anything but charming.

By a momentary lull he catches the rushing noise of paddles, a sound of subdued voices, and—there! surely a call. Then a bugle rings clear and sweet, while presently the body and



A ST. LAWRENCE LIGHTHOUSE.



Suddenly, from the centre there is heard a succession of whizzing sounds like those of sky-rockets, only to be followed by a burst of variegated sparks overhead, and a sharp snap like the crack of a whip. Presently, there is an unusual disruption from the head, ending in a flood of meteor-like sparks that dart high into the air after the fashion of Roman candles. From the tail there proceeds a weird medley, emanating evidently from the most primitive of musical instruments. At

tail begin to wrap together, fold on fold, until the entire formation is lost. All is soon quiet. Suddenly a song is started by voices that are masculine. It is an old, rollicking chorus of wide-spread popularity. The mystery is dispelled, the enchantment gone; the fairy dream has evaporated, and the reality of the scene dawns upon us, in all its materialistic certainty.

He who has been hugging himself with the prospect of the lonely pleasures of the fisherman, and has allowed his infant imagination to revel in the supernatural, has stumbled upon a popular encampment.

The lights in question were those of Chinese lanterns, festooned from the slender spars of canoes: the red and

green eyes, monster boat lights, upon the bow of a huge and gaudy war-canoe. The rattling noise that emanated from the tail was indirectly caused by an orchestra of formidable æolian weapons, known as kazoos, while the voices were those of members of the American Canoe Association, who had assembled for their annual meet, to indulge in the free, health-giving agencies with which our fairyland is replete. The scene which thus presented itself to the onlooker, proved to be the issue of an illuminated parade or midnight carnival which was being held by that Association.

In effect it was intensely Venetian, Save for the background of her lighted buildings, Venice in her bewitching festivals of illuminated gondolas can hardly surpass the effect of a hundred canoes, delicately freighted with festooned paper lanterns, moving mysteriously in a density of dark sky and water.

When our bewildered cit recovered from his astonishment he paddled for the encampment, which, the lights told him, lay to the east. Here he disembarked, and shambled, in his nondescript fashion, through the various tepees that abounded, getting inexplicably tangled and wound up—mesh-like—in the most aggressive of guy-ropes, and coming into very forcible contact with numerous pernicious tree trunks which seemed to go out of their way to do him damage. Being informed that a "Kamp Fyre Konsert" was in contemplation, he again betook himself to his canoe to listen from the water. The recollections of that first Thousand Island camp fire must ever remain a most precious reflection in his memory. That unlooked for *coup de bonheur* was there stamped in lines so indelible that time can never hope to obliterate or diminish one iota. To describe such revelry is impossible. One must experience it before he can realize how utterly inadequate are pen and pencil to portray the mani-

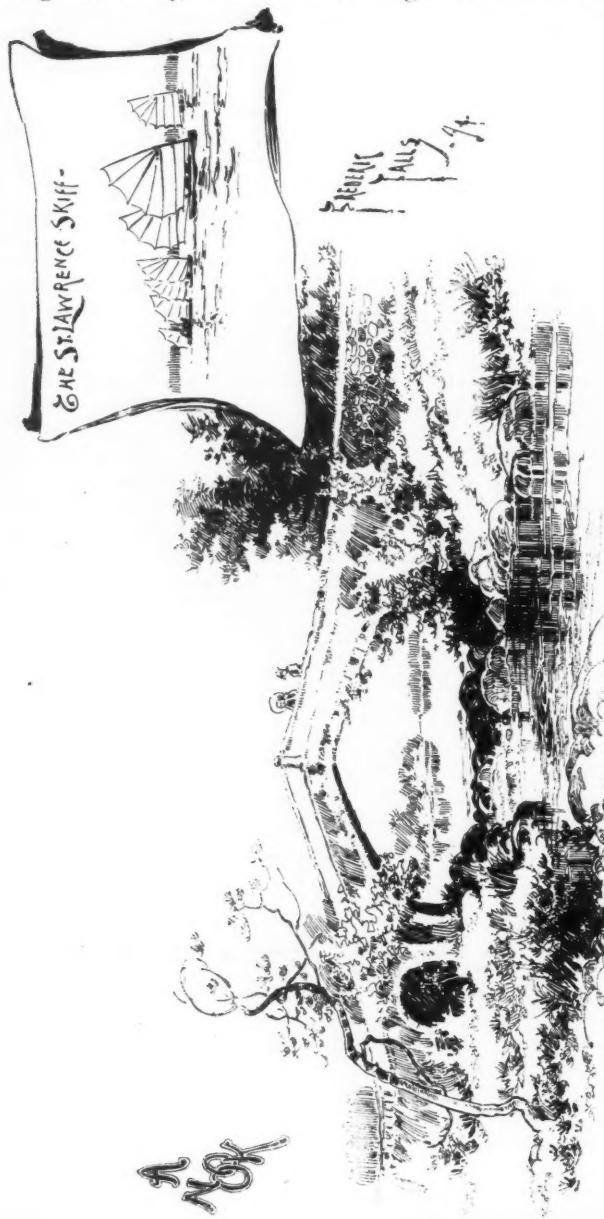
fold subtle charms with which these camp fires are imbued.

Of all the pleasant events that take place at the Thousand Isles, probably they would interest a visitor more than any other.

It was a weird picture that presented itself to the onlooker: and one, too, calculated to make a lasting impression. A concourse of jolly canoeists, with strange, suspicious-looking sun-burnt noses, assembled round a bright, blazing fire of large extent, which had been located near the water's edge for the benefit of those who preferred to listen from that quarter. At a given signal, a magnificent burst of phosphorescent flame shot up, casting a lurid glare upon a hundred female faces, and radiating to a marked degree the visage of many a good fellow. Amid a display of fireworks from the water, a shower of colored flame on shore, an exhibition of many-tinted Chinese lanterns from the tents, the association orchestra struck up a tuneful melody that for harmonious effect and melliflous resonance was supreme. A happy chorus followed, and the merry ring of sopranos and tenors, the mellow sound of contraltos and basses, combined to produce a perfect harmony.

Declamations and songs followed music upon Arcadian instruments, and yet more songs had their turn. The encampment was literally strung with colored lights of every description: Chinese lanterns, beautifully tinted, hung from every available branch: boat lights—port and starboard—were to be seen in abundance; colored flame shooting up would illumine the orator and shed a gentle glow over the sea of listening faces. It was a weird spectacle—fairy-like—yet intensely human. On the one hand, sat a crowd of interested spectators, grouped around a brilliant fire, in a complete semicircle. On the other, lay the frail canoes, still illuminated by many a lingering light, and resting in Lilliputian dignity, like miniature yachts,

upon the silvered water, that mirrored each spark a score of times in trembling uncertainty. Thousands of winged creatures from the St. Lawrence fluttered in the big half sphere of light, with the fantastic bonfire as a centre, and among them swooped numberless bats, their fur shining in the glare like silver against the dark sky.



Curious-shaped camp stools, with long, thin backs and feet, lay around in profusion. Paddles, erected and formed into fantastic figures, stood everywhere before us. Chinese lanterns, festooned from trees, produced a lovely scene. It was a perfect night. The moon came out, and shone through the trees with silvery effect. The wind had gone down, and the smoke from the fire in the dip below rose steadily heavenward, in misty form, with a curl, forming a veil that at times totally obscured the view between the horns of the crescent. Curiously bent and crooked

branches marked the spots as being particularly weird. It was hard to restrain one's imagination from apprehending the supernatural. A gloomy fire, a silvery moon, a pale streak across her face; a burst of colored flame, reddening the features of a grandiloquent orator in Indian costume; a deadly silence, a hearty round of applause—a scene from Faust, indeed.

There is a singular, weird pathos about such a spectacle which is sad, and yet charms. After all was over, how pleasant to hear the merry ring of voices in unison, from groups of jolly campers, strolling slowly homeward, singing some rollicking chorus, or paddling to the distant settlement of Squaw Point, a bright, interesting maid with sun-burnt face and wind-tossed tresses; the colored lights on shore showing through the trees with pretty contrast, the water repeating the effect as if an accomplice; the reflection from the moon coming up to the very edge of the canoes, with scarce a ripple upon the water save that of the laughter proceeding from the boats. The scene was one that would amply repay the crustiest for the loss of a favorite fishing-ground.

It was thus auspiciously that my acquaintance with the Thousand Isles was made; I say acquaintance, because I had never met them before, although I had frequently seen them. My previous visits were, however, of the fleet and transitory kind, like a momentary burst of sunshine, which has sped ere we realize it—a mere smile, as 'twere, of some pretty stranger, gazed at from the steps of a passing trolley. But on this occasion I had ample opportunity to study them, for my sojourn proved to be of somewhat long duration.

For many succeeding evenings we enjoyed a succession of those delightful carnivals. Nor was the A.C.A. alone in the desire to excel in this respect. Every islet settlement, every coterie of holiday-seekers, every house and cottage, added its quota to the re-

velry, each trying to eclipse the other in fanciful figures and designs, until the place seemed to be a creation of some etherealistic existence only. On special occasions, the river steamers become infected with the prevailing spirit, and deploy into line, together with the numerous steam yachts for which the St. Lawrence is remarkable, the whole forming a picture that would put to shame many of the sights which people go thousands of miles to witness, at Paris, New Orleans, and other places that are supposed to be devoted to carnivals.

But if a multiplicity of pretty sights was the sole charm of the Thousand Isles, their popularity would speedily evaporate, for many people. But it is not so. Botanist, geologist, entomologist, and artist, may here find equal delight with poet, lawyer, doctor, and man of business. People from crowded cities, who are in quest of rest and quietness, may go off to some distant island and be as lonely as hermits; or the man who spends most of his time in a quiet country village, may enjoy all the festivities of fashionable life. Here you may gratify every whimsical mood to the full, and still fail to exhaust the unlimited pleasures which the place provides.

It is an old saying at the Thousand Isles, that if a man spends a season there, he forthwith becomes a perpetual resident, so thoroughly will their alluring charms ingratiate themselves into his favor.

Thus is our fairyland a veritable Lotos Land. Within my own experience, I have known many people come for a day or two and stay that number of weeks, or come for a week and remain a month; and when they depart it is only with the most determined intention of returning the following year. We see this plainly exemplified in the case of the A. C. A., which, although two-thirds of its members come from distant points in the U. S., have returned five times since organization, twelve years ago.

to enjoy the charms of the Thousand Isles.

If one cares to inspect these charms, he just steps aboard one of our delightful little fleet-footed steam yachts, and we proceed on a surveying trip, as 'twere, just to reconnoitre and introduce him all around.

Leaving Gananoque on the port quarter, one morning early, we steamed away to the south-east, and, running among islands and channels too numerous to mention, moored at Tremont Park—the centre of attraction upon the Canadian side—just long enough to contemplate its numerous cottages and boat-houses, and then, steering north-east in the direction of the Gananoque Narrows, passed Half-Moon Bay and Water Lily Channel on our starboard side.

Now the islands thicken in the channel. Islands to right of us, islands to left of us, islands in front of us, lift up their heads, crowned here with jutting rock, there with forest trees, and again, flanked by grassy slopes extending to the water's edge, and fringed with trees whose drooping branches reach down and drink in the sparkling waters of the river.

The view grows more enchanting as we proceed. Channels open between the islands in every direction, and, as our little steamer drives swiftly along the main and broadest channel, the shifting scenes go by like a panorama. On, past this intricate maze of beautiful islands, we encounter the camp of the A.C.A., this year located upon Stave Island, while just across, to the south-east, lies the far-famed Grindstone Island, on the lower end of which there still remains the ruins of a rude fort which played its little part in the rebellion of '37. This tempting bit of foliage lies entirely in American waters, but the international boundary runs just to the north, and many of the surrounding islands acknowledge fealty to the Dominion Government. As we pass, we catch a glimpse of the A.C.A. fleet

of tiny canoes which took part in last evening's parade, together with a host of other small craft which the experienced sailor will tell you are St. Lawrence skiffs. These St. Lawrence skiffs are merely large-sized canoes, carrying from six to ten hands, while the "crew of each canoe consists of one man only." They have all the fast racing qualities of the sailing canoe, with much greater stability.

What a beautiful picture they make, strung out, procession-like, because certain clippers have outsailed the rest! What a Royal Academy painting is here exhibited! Stretched away as far as the eye can conveniently see, appear countless tiny sails, some tipped with the red and white pennant of the A.C.A., while others with fantastic designs, and totems in gaudy colors, bring up in the rear, their white bat-wings standing in clear relief from the sombre background of the Canadian shore, each little sail reflected and mirrored in trembling uncertainty a score of times, not unlike a tiny star, which for a moment twinkles and is gone: the reflection is seen for an instant, and immediately vanishing, returns as the puff of wind recedes.

Glance across Eel Bay; was there ever a grander sight at a Lake Yacht Racing Association regatta? These little vessels, the size of mere toys, vie for effectiveness with the same number of any other craft.

As we turned our backs upon this pretty scene, we entered a perfect complexity of isles, with countless channels leading between them in all directions. Whoever it was misnamed this archipelago the Thousand Isles is doubtful, but of his nationality one thing is certain: he was not an American. No typical Yankee was ever yet guilty of such an underestimate of any treasure over which the American eagle had spread her wings. Common tradition puts the number of islands at eighteen hundred, but the official chart shows 1,692, if we include every-

thing that appears above the surface of the river.

From Grand View Park, which lies ahead of us, we catch a glimpse of the village of Rockport, on the Canadian mainland, which looks out upon a great sheet of water, two miles wide and several miles long, studded with islands whose craggy sides are grey with lichen, blotched with mossy cushions, and belted fantastically across by long seams, out of which grow ferns

that singular sheet of water, "The Lake of the Isles"—a lake within a river; or, to be more explicit, within Wellesley Island. Here is a lovely spot for the poet or romancist, the artist, or, in fact, any man who has a sense of the beautiful. Many are the stories related of fugitives from justice, who, within this lake, have been rowed from island to island by faithful wives and sweethearts, and thus eluded the grasp of the law. We can im-



HALF MOON BAY.

and wild flowers that none can ever hope to touch with human fingers. Here, as elsewhere, the fishing is excellent, and many are the stories of enormous catches told around camp fires by night—stories which need to be taken as the fish are—*cum grano salis*.

Passing to the lower end of Wellesley Island, we headed for Alexandria Bay, passing Westminster Park—the Presbyterian rendezvous—with its picturesque chapel looking out upon

agine how the genius of Scott would immediately seize upon such a theme, especially if it were set in such an artistic and picturesque background as that which surrounds the Lake of the Isles. One wonders why some of our Canadian poets do not employ this as the scene of some of their productions. It is certainly worth the effort, for the spot possesses all the romantic, historical, and artistic associations necessary to the successful completion of such a work. Moore has touched upon

these islands with his silver-tongued muse, but that need not preclude our own writers of verse from singing of a theme that cannot fail to be of interest to Canadians.

Alexandria Bay is the central point of attraction for miles up and down the river. It is to the Americans what Tremont Park is to Canada. The place boasts two good hotels, where, every Saturday night, an orchestra is brought up from New York for the weekly hop. If the holiday-seeker wants rest and quietness, he need not visit Alexandria Bay. Here he will meet with all that hurry and bustle which he has endeavored to escape. Like most fashionable watering places, one must dress in the height of fashion, and wear starched collars, or he will be ostracised. At any of the numerous dances given in the summer season here, all the emblazoned finery of the winter's ball is to be found with magnified importance.

The run by steamer from Alexandria Bay to Thousand Island Park is majestic. Nothing I ever saw equalled the beauty of this scene. Hundreds of islands lay along and across our winding and zigzag course, no two of which were alike. It was an intricate labyrinth of channels out of which none but an experienced pilot could steer. At times our little craft seemed to be in a lake but a few acres in extent, tightly hemmed in by sloping hills. The next minute we would be running between two rocky cliffs, whose sides could almost be touched from the deck, while just ahead the land shut off all further progress. Suddenly a channel opened to our left behind a rocky headland, and we again entered upon a broad expanse of water, with islands clustering about and a dozen different channels, like so many noble rivers, disclosed to our delighted eyes.

Thousand Island Park, which is the Methodist headquarters, and Round Island, are essentially fashionable,

being much similar to Alexandria Bay, though with a slight tinge of rusticity, which is commendable. At the latter place dancing is allowed, but at the former under no consideration is it permitted.

We stopped for two hours at Thousand Island Park, and I was enabled to canoe it through the beautiful channels of the immediate neighborhood.

Human conception can scarcely imagine the visible reality of beauty at the bottom of these lovely little nooks. Now, we look down upon tangled grasses of a hundred rich varieties; again, on slender, graceful ferns; again, on mosses that look like pale green coral; and then on tall, waving weeds, that reach from their alluvial beds almost to the water's surface, and nod a welcome to our paddles just above their heads. Countless finny creatures, which the quiet boatman may watch for hours, abound among these lovely gardens. Anon our canoes glide over a vast, subaqueous desert, covered with brown rocks, through whose fissures the dark form of the much-prized black bass is discernible. The diversity of scenery under water is marvellous. The flora of the river bed is most luxuriant and beautiful. No aquarium was ever constructed by the hands of man to equal that over which we float for miles. The water must be smooth, and the sun needs to shine, but, with these primary conditions, there is offered to the lover of nature a feast of delights that he will remember for many a day. The scenery under water is equalled only by the islands themselves. You can paddle among islands so beautiful as to defy description, and if you care to land, you can pick from the face of the cliff a huge cushion of moss, richly set with ferns and wild flowers that defy your botanical vocabulary.

The run from here to Clayton was but a continuance of these joys, and we pointed for Gananoque with mingled feelings of regret and delight.

Passing to the upper end of Grindstone Island, we caught a glimpse of the A.C.A. camp, seven miles away, as it lay bathed in moonlight, and enwrapped with the garb of many colored lights, while near at hand came the song of the whip-poor-will, floating out over the water, mingled with the merry voices of campers, in chorus, from islands that we passed on all sides. There is something about such music that is strangely sentimental. It charms and it delights, and yet there is a singular weird pathos about it that holds in check all our demonstrative plaudits. We like to listen and to be moved by its volatile charms in a way that is passive.

In all our extended ramble we had not been more than twenty-five miles from home, though probably our worthy little propeller, in her tortuous course, had covered five times that distance.

Thus we lived in a state of perfect enchantment, passing on day by day from one delight to another.

Exquisite it was, in the superlative degree, to rise with the sun, or even before him, and sally forth on a fishing exploit into the indefinite mazes of fairy isles and channels, which at that time of day still lie enshrouded in their *robe de nuit* of a soft and misty grey. At this hour, as at any other, the atmosphere will be found to be delightfully fresh and exhilarating. The piney air of the St. Lawrence, and the ozone breezes, are to humanity as the morning dew to the vegetable kingdom; and like the dew, too, they will be found most luxuriant and lavish in distribution of helpful agencies before the sun rises in the early morn.

Was it not a beautiful experience, too, when returning from an early morning berry hunt, to contemplate Old Sol rise in all his morning splendor, after bathing his radiant visage in the clear, green waters of the river? Stay! can the memory recall aught half so ecstatic as the thought of swinging lazily in the shade of noble

maples or graceful elms, which seem to stretch out their fluttering branches, ever with a gentle invitation to swing a hammock. Thus can we sway to and fro all the "live-long day," like the pond lily in the placid bay beside us, watching with ever wakeful eyes the beautiful prismatic changes constantly taking place in the appearance of the clear expanse of some lovely lakelet with which we are confronted, even as the sunlight lies in a confused pattern across our aerial lounge. From such a position, without raising the head, we may look into a river of crimson lake, or into a lake of river green. In the same way we can discern the French and Prussian blues in the distance, dimly embodied in two delicate islands, that look as peaceful and contented as the amethyst tint that flanks them.

And when the evening comes, what can surpass the delightful feeling of repose that pervades everything? When we essay forth in our frail canoe, into the kingdom of the silver and the stillness, the words of Miss Pauline Johnson rush in upon our thoughts in all their truthful beauty:

"I am sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward,
Soft and slow, soft and slow;
And the silent river grasses
Swish my paddle as it passes,
To and fro, to and fro.
My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream, while I dream;
Half in slumber, I am guiding,
Indistinctly eastward gliding,
Down the stream, down the stream."

Of all the charms of the Thousand Isles, I know not which to commend the most highly—there is a dainty flavor to each, like the taste of the wild huckleberry—and so I leave it to individual tastes and fancies, in the certainty that if any one should be so fortunate as to visit our fairyland between the months of May and October, he will be alike captivated and charmed.

HOW I WENT DUCK HUNTING.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

OF course I should never have gone. But human nature is frail and vain; and I was inflated with the supreme conviction that the instincts and talents of a Nimrod were strong, though latent, within me, and that they merely required application to develop transcendental ability. So when Frank Knight told me that he was off for a holiday and a duck hunt, and intimated that, as a concession of friendship, he would take me along, I was foolish enough to thank him—instead of seeing through his ulterior villainy, and putting him down at once as my worst enemy.

We slid away from town on a sunny afternoon, Knight in a canoe, and myself in a skiff. I had a good deal of company in the boat, including all the paraphernalia Knight said it was absolutely necessary for us to drag along, as well as a gun case, that looked like a coffin, and Knight's dog. This dog was a large, woolly affair, done principally in white, though there were large gamboge spots on him that looked as if they had been laid on with a brush. He was called Zimmerman, and had large, bulgy eyes that stared glassily at me from the stern, and for a while held me magnetized with their *uncanniness*.

It struck me at the time—and more forcibly in the form of muscular contraction later on—that I was selfish in monopolizing such a large share of the toil incidental to such pleasureing; but Knight said that was all right, never to mind him, he would have enough to do when we got to the hunting ground and pitched camp, and all that. In the meantime someone had to paddle the canoe; and, of course, the baggage was safer in the skiff than the canoe, even if I was

rowing; because you never really know at what moment a canoe may get full, it is so unstable a craft. It was ten miles to where the ducks were, Knight said: though he might just have been honest for once, and said a thousand. Before we had gone half that distance—half of ten miles, I mean—Knight discovered that he had twisted a cord in his forearm, and that he would be unable to do any further paddling. So there I had not only to pull that blessed boat, with its half-ton of blankets and tent, and edibles and ammunition, and condensed armory, and woolly dog, but Knight also, sitting in the stern with his miserable polka-dotted mongrel between his knees, while the canoe trailed erratically behind. The canoe was at the end of a long rope, the other end of which Knight had fastened to a roll of blankets, against which he leaned, there being no convenient ring on the stern end of the skiff. And every little while that canoe would rush off spasmodically, like one possessed, about four degrees either way from the course I was holding; and it would jerk the rope so forcibly that the stern of the skiff would twist round and try to follow the canoe; and then the canoe would come rushing alongside and bang into my oar, like a skittish calf galloping up to its mother. At last, as a final result of Knight's stupidity, and while Knight was leaning forward to caress his miserable dog, the bow of the canoe struck a heavy slab, and the rebound jerked the roll of blankets clean into the river. And then, as if that was not sufficient, the woolly dog, hearing the splash, sprang clumsily overboard, nearly upsetting the skiff in doing so. Knight, of course,

pretended to be terribly concerned, asserting the blankets were his, as I twisted the boat about and pulled back to the canoe a hundred yards astern. But he knew very well they were mine; and you never in all your life heard a man so servilely apologetic as he was when we hauled those soaked blankets in. Zimmerman refused at first to be hauled back, and the brute swam around us and barked in a joyful way, as if he enjoyed our discomfiture. Knight grabbed the animal at length, and pulled him in, the skiff threatening a second time to go over. And then the dog began to shake himself with remarkable energy and, covered me with water. I had to kick him to make him desist; whereupon he cringed and lay down promptly on my coat and vest.

We got the canoe hitched on again at last, and I started off, feeling utterly miserable and out of temper; that is, out of good temper, for I don't think one is ever really wholly out of bad temper. The boat seemed twice as hard to pull as before, thanks to the water-soaked blankets and Zimmerman. It was sundown when I pulled up a reedy and seemingly endless creek, and we drew the boat and canoe ashore. There was a three-quarter moon, very clear-cut and cold-looking, while the air had grown fearfully chilly; and I shivered as I thought of my wringing-wet and useless blankets.

I was for building a fire at once, and getting something to eat; but Knight said there would be lots of time for that later on; only Zimmerman must have something, as he would have to do lots of work. He cut some prime slices off a roast I had brought, and gave them to that precious dog; and then Knight said we must hurry off to the marsh if we were ever to do any shooting. Zimmerman set up a wild barking when he saw the guns, and Knight swore and raced after the brute and tried to kick him. But the animal

kept out of his reach, and played rings around Knight, as they say in lacrosse talk, and barked gleefully and louder than ever.

"Fine hunting dog, that!" I said cheerfully.

"Oh! he's all right!" said Knight, as he fell over a knoll in an endeavor to catch the animal. "He's a little young, that's all!"

We shouldered the canoe, Knight taking the bow, and away we went through the deceptive dusk, that was worse than out-and-out darkness; while the dog ran ahead and got under Knight's feet, and jumped and barked. Knight said it was necessary to take the canoe, as we would have to put out every little while to get the game when it fell in the pond to which we were going. I asked him how about Zimmerman; but Knight said Zimmerman was only good for raising the birds, not bringing them in. I said:

"If we are going out into the marsh to get the birds when they fly in for the night, what's the good of having a dog to raise them along?"

Then Knight got mad, and said I wanted to know everything at once; and told me just to wait until I got there, and he would show me a few things about shooting that I didn't know before. He was right: both about himself and Zimmerman's accomplishments. Knight tried to compromise by ordering the dog to go back and mind the "camp," as my friend persisted in calling the place where we had landed; but Zim merely laughed at him in his own fashion.

The ground we were carrying the canoe over was rough and full of holes, which I kept getting into on account of stepping over the shadows, mistaking them for the pitfalls. I suppose I missed treading on what decent ground there was for that very reason. But bad as the uneven meadow and the ploughed fields and the hollows were, they were a brick-dust track compared to the marsh it-

self. We had to cross a bit of this marsh, Knight said, to get to the pond, where we would wait for the ducks to come in. We put the canoe down, and started to drag it through the marsh, and for the first few minutes I was glad of it, for my shoulder had been almost cut in two by the keel of the canoe. But soon I discovered that the marsh was the very worst thing I had ever got into. It was a procession of holes, each succeeding one deeper than the last. We pulled the canoe along by the bit of forward decking, and as we stumbled forward I sank up to my waist in the mud and water, while the raspy sword grass cut my knuckles, that were already cut and chapped. It all made me think of pictures I had seen in the *Illustrated London News* of the natives pulling Stanley's boats through the wilds of interior Africa. I wondered, too, if it was all some plot of Knight's to murder me; and I tried to remember if there had ever been a feud between the two families, and if I could be the victim of a vendetta. I grew faint and sick over it all: and I thought if I was left out in the middle of this great and lonely marsh that by the time what was left of me was discovered there would not be enough for a coroner to sit on, and I would be cheated out of the glory of an inquest and having my name in print in a hundred papers at once.

We got to what Knight called the *pond*, at last, a miserable little mud hole, no bigger than a country hotel wash-basin, and covered with big water-lily leaves; and I was thoroughly exhausted and mad, what with my sore clavicle and smarting hands and blistered palms and wet feet and legs. Knight said I was a fool not to have put on rubber boots to reach away up the thigh, like his; but it was a nice time to give advice of that sort, and I told him so. He said it was no time for recrimination, and that I must take my gun and walk around to the other end of the pond,

so that we could each of us command a range of it. I was too dispirited to protest, and trudged off; and I had not gone forty yards before I saw two objects swimming near the reeds.

My heart began to beat quicker than Napoleon's retreat after Waterloo, for I saw that the objects were wild ducks. I forgot all about my abused shoulder blade and soppy extremities and the cold, and began to shiver with excitement instead. My hands shook as I grasped my gun more firmly and advanced its muzzle, while my thumb found the cock and my forefinger the trigger, as I crept breathlessly forward. There was still sufficient daylight for me to see the two birds clearly as they swam about, silhouetted against the steely surface of the pond. I had got within what I thought was the distance I could hit anything at, and was bringing the breech-loader tremblingly to my shoulder, when there was a loud crash in the reeds, and a big white body went bounding like a kangaroo toward the water. There was an elephantine splash, a flutter of wings, and whirr! I saw the ducks go skimming over the pond and away across the marsh.

I turned the gun on Knight's dog, and pulled hard at the trigger; but, to my surprise, the gun would not go off. And then I discovered that it was not cocked. It was lucky for the dog, though he was quite ten yards away; but I gave him a good round volley of Whitechapel etiquette that made him wince.

"Go home, you brute!" I shouted frantically, as I flung a clod of earth at him. And then Knight's voice came hissing harshly across the hundred yards of marsh and pond that separated us:

"For Heaven's sake shut up! You'll scare away all the ducks within a mile!"

"Your precious 'hunting' dog has done that already!" I retorted. "Call your hand-painted nightmare over

there and see what he'll do for you!"

There came a 'bang' just then. I saw the fire run out from the muzzle of Knight's gun, like the proverbial red tongue of flame so dear to the dramatic reporter, and the boom of the report reverberated across the marsh. Immediately the dog went bounding away with great gleeful leaps in Knight's direction.

When I got back to Knight I found him poking away in the pond with his paddle, and breaking down the reeds.

"Looking for the last report?" I said.

"Naw!" he answered, as he dropped the paddle, and, leaning over the edge of the canoe, plunged his arm, sleeve and all, into the chill water. "I shot a duck, and it lay right here. I should have given it the other barrel, because there's an awful sight of life in a duck. Just as I reached for it, the darned thing turned up its tail and dived down."

He kept on poking away in the ugly weeds like one possessed, and I turned away, knowing it was the old story. I have since learned that Knight could not hit Mars if he came within a hundred yards of the earth.

I had walked off to my end of the pond again, when there came another crashing and echoing report, followed by a second. As I turned to rush back, Zimmerman bounded by me, yelping fearfully, and disappeared at an ostrich gait across the marsh. Knight was swearing in an unreserved manner, and I gathered that Zimmerman owed his life to his master's bad shooting; as the dog had scared away some birds just as Knight was sighting for them, and my pot-hunting friend had discharged both barrels in a frenzy of rage at the unfortunate canine.

I was resting in the canoe, which we had pulled up well into the marsh preparatory to starting back, and Knight was standing by a few feet off, when a tremendous report occurred under my very nose, and the gun I

had been holding dropped from my fingers. Knight jumped round with a scared face.

"For God's sake!" he exclaimed, "what are you up to now?"

I didn't say much, but climbed out of the canoe, and began pounding one of the boards back into place, from which it had been knocked by the butt of my breech-loader. I felt small, because I had been letting down the hammers with a view to taking out the charges from the barrels. I had been doing it so carefully, too, with my thumb holding the cock firmly, and my middle finger on the rear trigger; but somehow, my forefinger, which should have known better, began flirting with the trigger of the right barrel, and down went the hammer. I shall never forget how startled I was as the fire flashed out before me, and the report went echoing away across the wide expanse of marsh and water; nor how mad Knight was as a flock of ducks that had been making for the pond wheeled about not twenty yards from our heads, and fled away out of reach and sight.

He was quite put out, too, about the "damage" which he insisted I had done the canoe; and he kept pottering around it, repairing the harm, he said, while I stood about, and shivered as if I had a fit of ague. When at last we did turn our faces to the "camp," as Knight persisted in calling it, though there was really no camp as yet, it must have been eight o'clock, and the stars were shining with cold brilliancy. I was half-frozen and altogether wet; and, to crown it all, we lost our way in the marsh, owing to the confusing shadows, and the sameness of the silhouetted tree-top line upon the horizon.

"Where's the dog?" growled Knight, as he picked himself up out of the marsh for the hundredth time, and rescued his gun by the butt just as the barrels were disappearing in the mud. The canoe had been left at the pond, bottom up, as Knight said we would

want it early the next morning when we came out after the ducks at dawn. I thought that "we" rather superfluous, but of course I said nothing. One has to be politic sometimes.

When we got to our luggage, we found out all and a great deal more than we wanted to know about Zimmerman. Zimmerman had returned ahead of us, and the provisions and other things lay scattered about in all directions. That small choice roast, of which he had already tasted, had disappeared altogether, and our baskets presented a most dismantled appearance. It looked as if a cyclone had passed through our provisions, and carried off all that was most precious, including Zimmerman.

We built a fire, Knight vowed in a voice that sounded like distant thunder that he would shoot Zimmerman on sight. Then we pulled the tent out, and had it spread out on the ground, when Knight discovered that he had left the poles behind. So there he had to take the axe, and trudge off to cut a sapling or two. I heard him banging away; and then on a sudden the chopping ceased, and I heard instead a gruff and foreign voice, and Knight's, as if in argument. Presently Knight returned with a long face, and without the poles for which he had gone.

"We'll have to get out of here," he grumbled. "The human brute who owns the place came along, and wanted to make me pay for the 'damage' I had done to his trees. I kicked at the figure, and he wouldn't let me bring away the poles. It seems some chaps in town have a lease of this place, and the farmer expects them down to-night, and won't let anybody else in. But I say, we ought to go back for the canoe."

I told Knight he could go back for the canoe if he liked, but I preferred sitting down right where I was, and freezing to death, even at the rate of the average note, rather than go plunking through that old marsh

again. He wasn't very anxious himself to go, and said there was an old boat-house he knew of a little further down the creek, where we could stop, as it was too late and dark to cut poles. This boat-house, Knight said, had been used by hunters, and had a couple of bunks rigged up in one end of it.

So we put the things in the skiff, and started down the creek, wondering all the time where Zimmerman could have gone to. We got to the erstwhile boat-house, and put our things in there, and Knight said now we would have some supper. A good hot cup of tea, and a rasher of bacon, fine breakfast bacon, would set us up. But it turned out that Zimmerman had burst the bag in which Knight had brought the tea, and that we had left the frying pan behind us upon the shore. We tossed to see which of us should go back for the pan, and when I won, tails two out of three, Knight said I was wrong, that I had chosen heads, and that I ought to go, if I had any honor about me at all. I told him he could go to blazes, and get the frying-pan if he wanted it, as it was doubtless there by this time, and that I was not going to waste further time and energy trying to get a meal. I munched a couple of cookies, and had a long pull at my flask; and then turned wearily to find my blankets, remembering the next moment that my blankets were so wet they wouldn't dry in less than a month of hot noons on an African desert. So I crawled into the lower "berth" of the ex-boat-house, and pulled the straw I found there over me. I lay for a long while thinking what a miserable hunk of idiocy I had been to come, while the cold, white moonlight pierced the ventilating spaces between the boards overhead and about me. In the meantime, Knight had rowed back for the pan; and I heard him return and run the boat viciously up on the shore, and bang the oars down, just because he had had his row for nothing, as the

farmer had carried off the pan. Then I listened to Knight swearing softly in the Latin tongue, as the can of water toppled over, and put out the fire he had carefully built. At last Nature came to my rescue, and I drifted off into a broken sleep.

It was about three a.m. when I awoke suddenly, bumping my head against the boards of the berth above, where I heard Knight shivering, despite the fact that he had all the blankets and I don't know what else besides. I was numbed and chilled to the marrow; and my stiffened limbs barely allowed me to crawl out of my miserable straw bed, and from the shanty.

The sky was cloudless, and the stars glittered; but it was bitingly cold, while there was just enough moonlight for me to see that the thermometer had dropped sufficiently to permit the creek to freeze over. I pulled at my flask, and then banged my body with my arms, and ran up and down, jumping this way and that; and after twenty minutes of this treatment, and intermittent applications of the flask antidote, I managed to make my hitherto congealed blood circulate. Then, on a sudden, I made up my mind. I crept into the boat-house and had a peep at Knight. He was asleep, if not very soundly. Then I crept out again, in a guilty fashion, and hunted up a bit of paper and a pencil. With the bottom of the skiff for a desk, I wrote with numbed fingers and in most pitiful hieroglyphics :

"DEAR KNIGHT,—

"I have been taken sick very suddenly—terrible pain—an old malady—and I'm afraid to stay. I hate to wake you, and put you to any trouble; and because it's so cold, I'm afraid you might be taken, too. But I must do the best I can to get home. I shall not take the boat, because I know you have so many things to carry back that you could not get them all in the canoe. I hope you will get lots

of duck, and I almost envy you going back to that marsh."

I signed this epistle with as firm a hand as I could command, and left it on the upturned boat, held down at the corners by some stones. I was afraid to go back into the boat-house and leave it there, for fear of waking Knight, or finding him awake and having my resolution broken.

Then I started at a fierce run down the creek shore. I grew warmer and my heart grew lighter as I went on with gathering speed through fields and down lanes, and over fences; never stopping until I came to the river, which lay in a cold splendor of silver haze wide and long before me.

There was a farm-house near by, and I crept up to the fence and saw a man come out with a lantern in his hand. I crossed the yard, and a collie dog rushed at me and bit my leg, before the man, who seemed half asleep, could haul him off. The man said it would be three miles shorter for me to return to the city by the road on the other side of the river, and that it would be better walking, as the farther road was macadamized, and the nearer one sandy and heavy. He said he had a boat, and that he would row me over for two dollars, but that he had to milk a few cows in the meantime. He would not be very long, he said, but it seemed an eternity to me, as I moved about the yard and the stable alternately, hearing the dull plash of the milk in the pail, and the steady, stoical chewing of the cows' jaws.

Just as he had got through, a fellow named Hank came out and put the horses into the milk waggon. I got talking to Hank, and when Hank learned that the hired man had said he would row me over the river for two dollars, Hank laughed and said something about imported gall. Hank said if I didn't mind driving in a milk waggon, he would take me to the city with him for *one* dollar. I jumped at this, and told the hired man that I had

changed my mind, and when he learned that he had been euchered out of his two dollars, he began to swear at Hank, and the two had a great row over it, and nearly came to blows, while I stood by shivering.

At last Hank placed the milk cans in the waggons, the hired man refusing to do so, and walking off in a huff. As we passed through the gate and down the road, Hank pointed out to me a spot where he had shot a large, white, strange dog that had come prowling around the hen house the night before. I shuddered as I thought of poor Zimmerman, but I said nothing, and asked what had become of the dog; and Hank said he had just yanked him down the road a bit and dumped the carcase in the gully. I felt sorry for Knight, and I fell to picturing him luggering up that canoe all

alone through that awful marsh, and towing the boat and everything home against a three-mile current; and all this while I was having the most miserable, coldest, and slowest drive I ever experienced, or paid lawful money for in an unlawful amount. When we reached the city limits, I got out of the waggon with my teeth chattering—a living icicle—and ran all the way home, where I at once got into bed between half a hundred blankets.

But on the way I passed Knight's house, and who should I see there but Zimmerman, curled up nicely on the threshold, asleep, and apparently sound as a drum. I hadn't the heart to disturb him, and as I jogged on could not but admire the dog, and wonder which was the greatest fraud, Knight, or Hank, or Zimmerman.

I have not seen Knight since.



I LOVED THEE SO.

My life was like a barren, wind-swept plain,
Surmounted by a brazen, cloudless sky,
Without an oasis to cheer the eye,
Or e'en a shrub to tell of cooling rain;
Then to my heart, all feverish with pain,
Came love with dewy wings, and told of thy
Sweet face, thy blush, thy melancholy sigh,
And of thy soul so pure and free from stain.
Then straightway all the barren waste of years
Was flooded by a shower of happy tears,
And in that hour my soul forgot its woe;
New pleasures filled with joy the glad old earth,
New hopes and longings taught my soul the worth
Of life, and all because I loved thee so.

Hadley, Mass.

CLARENCE HAWKES.



ART STUDENTS TORONTO LEAGUE

52 Yong Street E.
Toronto 22nd Sept. 1886

Sir
It was proposed to organize
a sketch club - life studies
to be a specialty
With this object in view
you are invited to attend
a meeting at the above
address to discuss pro-
gramme

Yours truly
A. Howard

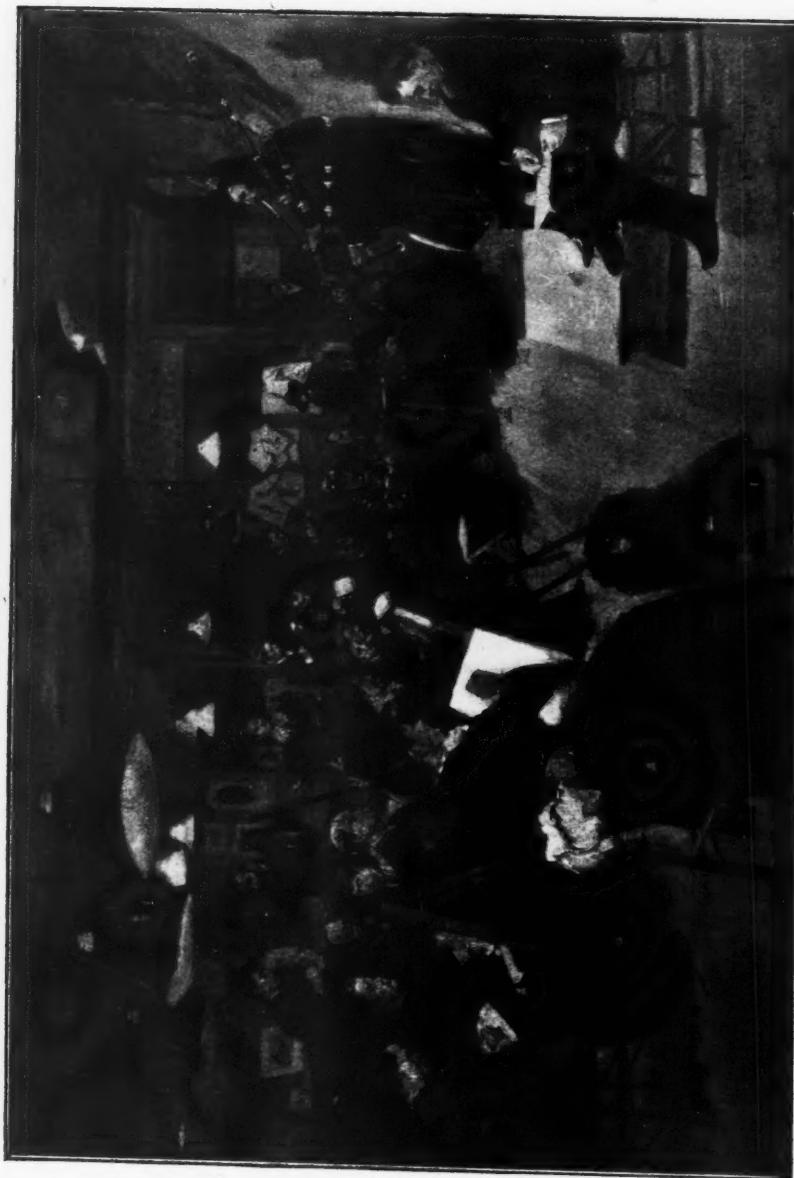
Secretary to the
sketch club.
It would be an ill
thing sketch work.

Such was the message that called the first meeting for the organization of what is now the Toronto Art Students' League. In beautiful accord with the traditions of Bohemia, no date for the proposed meeting appeared in this cyclographed announcement. It seems, however, to have occurred to these people that it might be well, for even them, to pay some slight heed to the limitations of time, and a note reading, "Friday next—8.30 p.m." was afterwards appended in red ink. The meeting was held on that Friday

evening, Sept. 24th, 1886, in the room referred to in the circular. An authority on such matters has said that the rooms in which one works should not be decorated, and this one was certainly beyond reproach in this respect. It had a little light, a little heat, a little furniture, but otherwise it was merely an enclosed space, and guiltless of decoration as our first parents in the garden of Eden. It was up very near the sky, apparently almost within speaking distance of the beautiful place reserved for the final home of Art Students. But the approach to it was through darkness and danger, and as one made the ascent to it, groping his way up the tortuous and tottering stairs, with no voice to cheer and no hand to guide, it seemed as if the passage of the Styx, with Charon for pilot, would be a pleasure excursion in comparison. The ascent on this occasion was, however, successfully made by Mr. Howard, whose name appeared on the circular, and Messrs. J. D. Kelly, C. M. Manly, W. Alexander, and O. R. Hughes. It was not a large meeting, but it was a meeting of men prepared to do something; of men who recognized the value of the added strength that comes from union; and saw, in the union they proposed to form, a better means for the prosecution of

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AT WORK IN THE LEAGUE.

(From the picture painted by W. Bringough, and presented to the League.)



their studies than could be secured by any individual action. The orthodox method of proceeding to business was duly observed, and, as is customary on such occasions, numbers of resolutions, important and otherwise, were drawn up and carried—carried unanimously, all of them. Several other artists having been proposed as fit and proper persons to swell the membership, the meeting then set to work to lay out a plan of action, and wrestled very successfully with the problems which loomed up in connection with the formation of the life class, and the composition sketch class, which were made the chief features of the club's work. A

scheme for the sketch class was set forth in a paper prepared by Mr. Manly, according to which, subjects for compositions, suited to the requirements of landscape and figure men, were to be announced every month, and the sketches, "mounted in Christian-like manner," presented on the first Wednesday of the month following. Meetings were to be held once a week; the first meeting in each month, when compositions were to be laid before the club, was to be devoted "to



NUDE STUDIES.

friendly discussion and criticism of such sketches, to such edibles and beverages as might be provided, and to a general relaxation of the usual arduous tasks of the life classes," and no excuse for non-attendance and non-fulfilment of duties was to be recognized, "unless the member notify the club that he is in doctor's hands." The office of president seems to have been overlooked, or considered superfluous at this stage, and the first election made the officers of the club

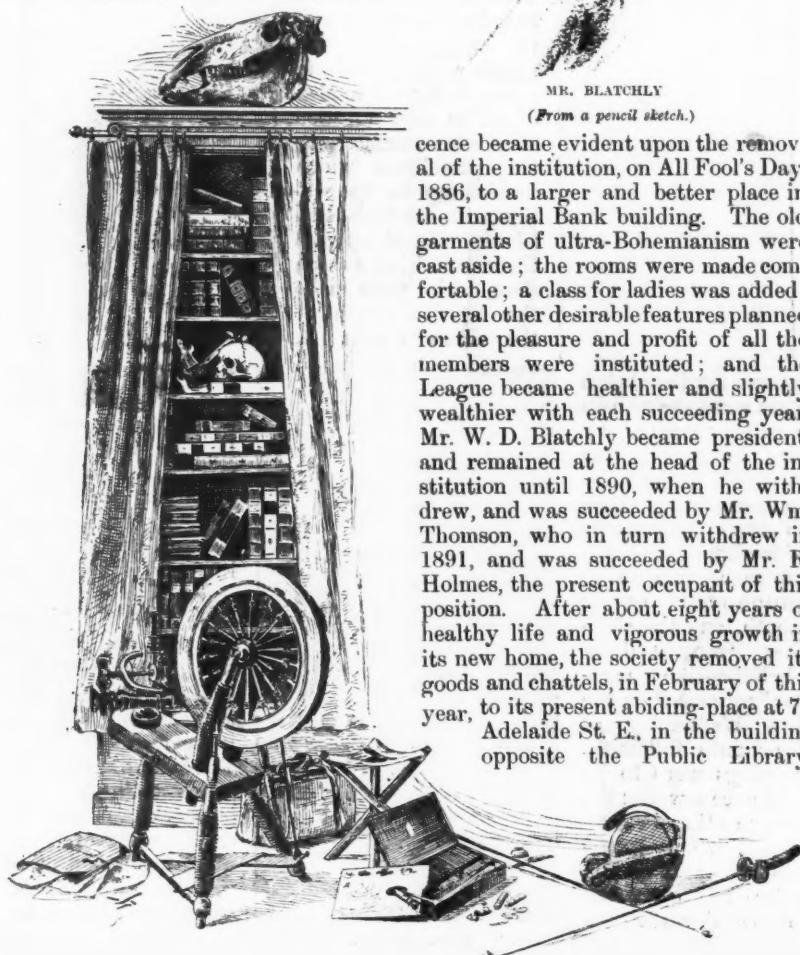
consist of Mr. Howard, Treasurer, and Mr. Hughes, Secretary. The path trod at the outset was not without its obstructions, and the first year presented the many turns of the tide of uncertainty, incident to most first years. There are several difficulties mentioned in the records, one of the most important of which is beautifully suggested in the oft recurring minute, "Resolved that members be urgently requested to pay all arrears of fees." This period of depression was happily not of long duration, and a decided turn towards convales-

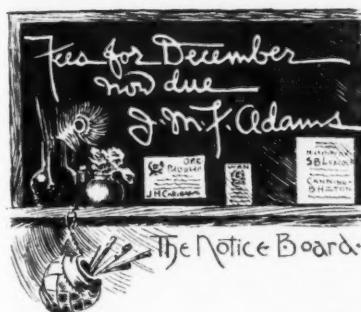


MR. BLATCHLY
(From a pencil sketch.)

cence became evident upon the removal of the institution, on All Fool's Day, 1886, to a larger and better place in the Imperial Bank building. The old garments of ultra-Bohemianism were cast aside; the rooms were made comfortable; a class for ladies was added; several other desirable features planned for the pleasure and profit of all the members were instituted; and the League became healthier and slightly wealthier with each succeeding year. Mr. W. D. Blatchly became president, and remained at the head of the institution until 1890, when he withdrew, and was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Thomson, who in turn withdrew in 1891, and was succeeded by Mr. R. Holmes, the present occupant of this position. After about eight years of healthy life and vigorous growth in its new home, the society removed its goods and chattels, in February of this year, to its present abiding-place at 75

Adelaide St. E., in the building opposite the Public Library,





where, true to its original instincts, it has once more demonstrated the truth of the old adage that there is always room at the top. In the present case, there is a trinity of rooms, the large salon with the model's throne; the council chamber for the library and the long black table; and a third for the model and the wardrobe.

The League, as it at present exists, is composed of artists and art students, and its chief objects are, according to the requirements of its constitution, to afford facilities for the study of drawing and painting from the antique and

life, and to cultivate a spirit of fraternity among art students. The management of the business is vested in a committee of eleven members, elected annually on the first Tuesday in March, and the membership fees are \$3.00 at entrance and \$2.00 per month for men, and \$1.50 per month for women, payable during the eight working months of the year. It is a self-supporting and co-operative concern in which every member is a part owner, and shares equally with his fellows in bearing the burdens and enjoying the privileges. There are no paid officers or instructors, and the amount collected in fees is paid out in meeting current expenses; any surplus that accrues after making a reserve sufficient to meet the requirements of the summer months, is devoted to making additions to the library, the wardrobe, or the furniture of the rooms.

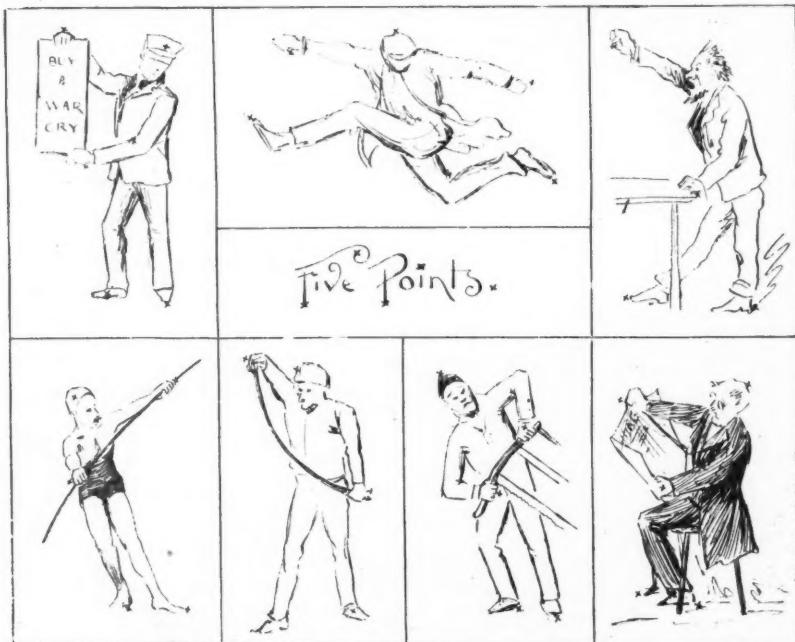
There is difference of opinion on nearly all art matters except that of drawing from life, and in this there seems to be unanimity. In the great art centres of the world, all students, whether of painting, or sculpture, or



A SKETCH IN THE ROOM, IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING.

architecture, or design, are required to take a thorough course in drawing from the living model, and the League, recognizing the supreme importance of such a course, has bent all its energies towards making provision for it. "This institution is first and foremost a life-class, and has set itself firmly in the one resolve, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that its members shall draw directly from the life; and, if necessary, every other consideration must bend in obedience

which the life class is in operation on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. The model is placed in position on a "throne," raised about a foot from the floor and under a combination of gas jets formed into one strong light provided with a reflector and a series of movable joints, which can be adjusted so as to accommodate the lighting to the requirements of the study, while the members at work are ranged in a semi-circle under a double row of gas jets,



to the carrying out of this line of action."*

In the earlier days, a life-class on more than one evening a week was looked upon as a strain. At present, three evenings are considered too few, and, though, with the practice of persistently securing the best models by paying the best prices, the expense of this is not inconsiderable, there are now frequently recurring weeks in

having shades so designed as to afford light for work, while preventing a conflict of cross-lights on the model. The model is posed by the school committee, and a difficult and dangerous task they have. The male models are required to be of good physique; the female models are paragons of beauty and of grace, and in either case, a faintest suggestion that the subject is not up to the very loftiest of art standards may involve the committee

*Canadian Architect, Jan. 1891.



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in unpleasant complications. Then, though secondary always to the models, those who are to make the studies must be considered, and the pose must be designed, like a piece of sculpture, to be satisfactory from every possible

use when the members at work form a complete circle with the model in the middle of the room, in which case a strictly sculpturesque treatment of the pose is quite imperative.

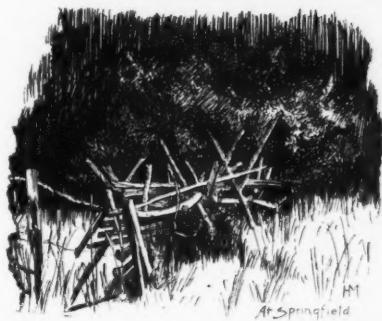
The programme of work from the



Posing a Model.

point of view. In the new rooms there are two sets of lights for the model, one for studies with the model posed against a wall, when a background of drapery and other accessories may be required, and the other for

life is planned so that there shall be about an equal number of nude and costume poses. The number of evenings allowed to a study is dependent upon the character of the pose, and ranges from one to six, while, at fre-



SUMMER SKETCHING.

quent intervals, an evening is given over to short poses of fifteen minutes or half an hour for exercise in rapid suggestion of the essential lines of the figure and the main masses of light and shade. Some of the members work in water color and oil, but the greater number prefer monochrome—charcoal, pencil, pen and ink, or washes of black and white, and with the model before him, each one works out his own renderings of the subject, aiming to express what are, from his point of view, its most important characteristics, whatever his medium of expression may be. Some of the work makes very considerable demands upon the student's power of seeing accurately, and of effectively handling the materials with which he works, not to speak of the serious drafts upon any store of patience he may be fortunate enough to possess, for drawing from the living model is a matter requiring close observation, and a conscientious study of the form, proportions, and construction of the figure. It is a different thing from the drawing of a snake-fence, or a rustic gate. There is a subtlety of line, a harmony of tone, and a delicacy of modelling, that must appear in the treatment of the figure, but which can, in great measure, be dispensed with in the other cases. Then, besides accuracy of sight and skill of hand, there must be brought to bear upon this work a certain broad, artistic perception of that which gives the subject its specific character, of that which makes it strong and vigorous, or graceful and refined, rugged or delicate, dignified or menial. The expression of such characteristics must be realized before the work can be of value, and it is this ever-present necessity of living up to Ruskin's demand that "all great art must be delicate," that makes this line of study indispensable to the thorough student.

The scheme of monthly compositions has ever remained one of the

important features of the League's programme. The life class supplies to the student a correct acquaintance with the artist's language, and a facility in its use—makes him familiar with the medium through which his ideas must be set forth—and the monthly compositions afford him an opportunity to make literature of it. The compositions are submitted on the first Monday of every month, and the subjects for the following

Sketch Club Rules	
I	Each Member's Sketch to be brought or sent in to the ART LEAGUE on the Evening of First Monday in each month.
II	No sketch will be accepted by the Committee that is not properly and securely mounted.
III	All sketches must be signed distinctly.
IV	No lead-pencil sketches will be accepted.
V	Three 3 subjects will be posted each month and 1 member must not depart from subjects so given.
VI	Sketches will be retained by the Committee for Two weeks, during which time any member can call 5 others to view and decide regarding all 3 sketches though 3 may be cast for any one sketch.
VII	Members must remove their sketches on the Wednesday evening as they will not be allowed to remain over after the day and the Art League cannot be a depository for the same.
VIII	Members will qualify themselves by taking casts of their sketches and by sending them to the Sketch Club Committee, at end of season in order to have an exhibition of them.
IX	Three Prizes will be given, viz., for highest No. of Votes for 2 nd highest N ^o and for 3 rd highest N ^o —Prizes to be in money and the amount decided upon by the Art League.
X	The votes on back of each sketch will be recorded by the Committee on the Wednesday evening.
XI	All members are earnestly requested to vote by marking a cross for each vote thus X on back of sketches.

TORONTO ART LEAGUE

MONTHLY COMPOSITION LAWS.

month announced the same evening, "Preparing for Winter," "Homeward," and "A November Gale," which have been announced for January, are very fair types of what are usually selected. The members are required to choose one of these, and prepare a picture that may bear the subject of his choice as title; and with so many students, each thinking for himself, and giving expression to his thoughts in his own way, a month's collection frequently presents an exceedingly interesting variety in the different conceptions of the same subject, and an



COSTUME STUDIES.

equally interesting, and perhaps more practically valuable, variety in the different means by which the conceptions have been expressed.



In addition to the evening of regular work, there are others set aside for the reading and discussion of papers prepared or selected by different members, and an occasional evening is given over to the cultivation of other arts, when the board is spread, and tales are told, and songs are sung. A favorite diversion in such seasons of relaxation is Five Points. Pieces of paper are prepared of uniform size, and in sufficient number to supply those present. These are marked with five points in any position, and distributed. Then follows half-an-hour of hurried rustling of pencils and pens, and a scurrying of many plans, succeeding one another in a rush through the brains of those engaged in a merry wrestle with the problem of constructing a figure with feet fitting on two of the given points, hands on another two, and a head on the fifth.

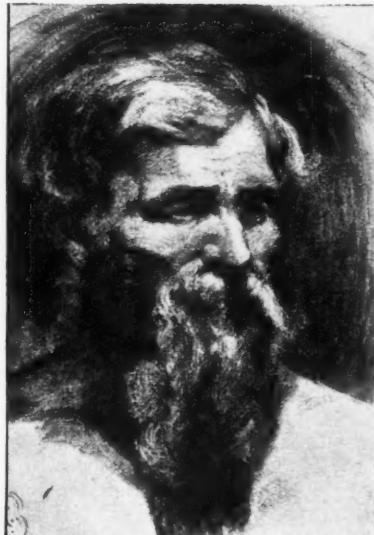


THE N. D. S. L. Club is a feature, which, perhaps more than any other, waxes and wanes in beautiful accord with the rise and fall of energy in the League's crusade. It was organized in Mr. Holmes' room on February 7th, 1891. The title is formed of the initial letters of

the very ancient motto, "Nulla Dies sine Linea," attributed to Apelles, an art student of bygone days, and sufficiently explains the nature of the club's requirements. All members of the League, who are prepared to undertake the making every day of a complete sketch, however pretentious, or however slight, are recognized as members of this inner club, and there are few in the League who have not at one time or another contributed a month of N.D.S.L.'s. An evening is fixed for the gathering in of the month's production, and while there are necessarily occasional seasons of dearth, when the bundles are slightly lean, a propitious moon never fails to bring in a goodly store.

The months of summer are spent out of doors in invocation of such spirits as make nature and nature worshippers their peculiar care. Every Saturday is set apart for a reunion of all the members in some one of the delightful sketching grounds within easy reach of the city. In addition to these Saturday outings, there are generally smaller meets on Wednesdays, and special arrangements are made for those who can avail themselves of more prolonged excursions covering several weeks. The chief centres of attraction in such cases are different parts of the Niagara peninsula, and the old city of Quebec. An especial interest attaches to this summer life through the frequent opportunities it affords for the renewal of old companionships, made possible by the return for a few weeks or a few months of those who are absent during most of the year in other fields of work; and thus, as in winter, so in summer the brotherhood is bonded together by a community of interest.





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A SKETCH IN THE PRESENT ROOMS, 75 ADELAIDE STREET, EAST.

Then there is profit as well as pleasure in these excursions. To him who loves her, the goddess of the free air and the open sky refuses no appeal. In all her moods she is free to his communion. She yields to him the key to her language, and he reads her precepts in the clouds and in the waters, in the forests and in the flow-erets of the field. Thus bringing to his summer study in the fields the same spirit of discipleship with which he meets his winter's work in the rooms, the student combines with his recreation the gathering together of a store of knowledge, and the forming of an intimate association with nature, which cannot but have its beneficent effect upon his future work as well as minister to his appreciation of the finer phases of life.

At the close of the summer an exhibition is held. To this there is "no admittance except to members." There is no judge and no jury. There is only a hanging committee. The failures, as well as the successes, are collected together and exposed, and the members learn their lessons from the false steps as well as from the true ones taken during the summer by themselves and their associates.

HE first public exhibition was held on May 10th, 1889, and was open from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine in the evening of that day. The following one lasted two days and two evenings, and, gradual increase in the amount of work available leading to a corresponding extension of the time allowed, it was finally decided that the exhibition should be held every year during the week before Christmas. An interesting feature of the last two exhibitions has been a collection of the original drawings contributed to certain publications issued by the League, with a collection also of the negatives, printing-blocks and proofs, illustrating the processes of reproduction employed.

Made up, as it is for the most part, of persons engaged in practical art work, the League had for some time entertained the idea of issuing such illustrated publications. This idea took definite shape in 1892, and early



COSTUME STUDIES.



SUMMER SKETCHING.

in December of that year the first one put in its appearance in the form of a calendar of twenty-four pages, with the inscription "Ninety-Three" on its lithographed cover of pale blue and gold. There were twelve pages of drawings and designs, illustrative of the Canadian seasons and the life of the Canadian people, contributed by the members of the League, while on the opposite pages appeared appropriate selections of Canadian verse. "Ninety-Four" followed in due course, larger and more lavish of both picture and poem; and now the third issue has just appeared, in every re-

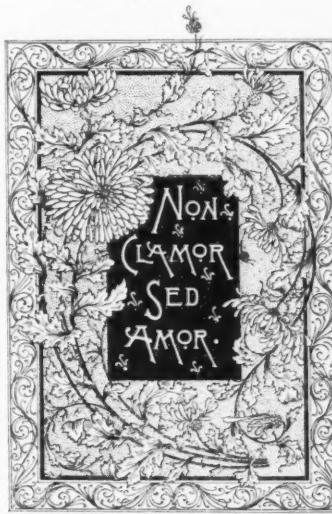
spect a worthy successor to its fellows of the previous years, striking the same chords, and bringing forth a like harmony. The cover, from a design by A. H. Howard, R. C. A., one of the League's founders, is a delicate and graceful scheme of red and yellow grays, relieved with white and gold, and bears the title "Ninety-Five." The literary element consists of choice selections from the verses of representative Canadian poets; there are four decorative calendars of three months each, and throughout the book as many as sixteen members of the League have contributed to the hap-



pily conceived and successfully rendered collection of designs and illustrations that appear in its pages. In these publications all the contributions are volunteered as a pure love offering, and no member personally derives any pecuniary profit from the success of the undertaking. If the venture prove profitable financially, the surplus goes to the general locker, and as the institution is at no inconsiderable expense in maintaining its classes and carrying on its work, and relies entirely on its own resources, without assistance from governments or wealthy patrons, its treasury frequently has ample room for additions.

Such is the story of the League—short and simple like the annals of the poor. I cannot, however, bring it to a close without a slight reference in connection with the social side of its life, to the benign influence exerted by the now very important membership of ladies with which it is blessed. There is a recognized limit to the amount of Bohemianism that can be indulged in, consistent with a reasonable degree of comfort, and the presence of the gentler sex in the League has always tended to keep this *eccentricité d'artiste* within its proper bounds, while ministering most effectively to the material comforts of its abiding place, and supplying a valuable element of refinement and delicacy to its art atmosphere. Then, eminently characteristic also of its social life, is the bond of fraternal union that is always maintained with present or absent members who have been long enough and intimately enough associated with the institution to make its interest their own. Important in this connection is the honorary membership, first conferred on Mr. Blatchly, who was the first president of the League, and has ever remained one of its most devoted friends. The honorary membership has been instituted as a recognition, on the part of the League, of long and valuable service rendered, and carries with

it the full privileges of active membership, with immunity from all fees. Absent members are now scattered about in the larger cities of the United States and Canada, seeking and finding for their work in these more important centres the recognition it deserves. In New York alone, where they most do congregate, is, at present, a colony of ten or twelve with whom there is constant communication through the scrap of paper and the drop of ink. There are visits also from a number of them every summer, giving occasion for numerous gatherings, to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, and by these means, as also through their contributions to N.D.S.L. meets, and to the exhibitions and other features of the work and play, these limbs of the League reaching out to distant sources of nourishment are kept in union with the parent stem.



Let me mention in conclusion, as a characteristic embodiment of the principles and practice of this association, the League motto, "Non Clamor sed Amor," which exhibits most happily the attitude of the members towards the work of their institution, and

beautifully sets forth that which is recognized among them as the ideal spirit of studentship. The art student, perhaps more than any other, must know that an abnormal love of praise is one of the most dangerous ills that he is heir to, and must early learn to hold it in subjection, and refuse to court the vulgar applause so persistently lavished upon those superficial qualities that too often sacrifice a genuine knowledge to a pretence of wisdom, and a straightforward statement of truth to an exhibition of cleverness. His wooing of the beauti-

ful must be a real love affair, and free from a consideration of diamonds. With a lower standard of choice he may get "what many men desire"—may get "as much as he deserves"—but to win the maid he must be prepared, from pure love of her, "to give and hazard all he hath." And as it is with the individual, so also is it with the body, and there is hope for any association of students while it stands true to such an ideal and lives faithfully up to the spirit of such a motto.

R. HOLMES.



“SHANGHAED.”

A Yarn in the Dog-Watch.

BY EDGAR BEVIS.

THE sun was near setting, and his parting rays shone on the *Harbinger*, a stately, Clyde-built clipper, as, bending to a seven-knot breeze, she swept majestically along the bosom of the Indian ocean.

Both watches were on deck, seated round about the foremast; the watch on duty leisurely smoking, and the “watch below” discussing the supper, which consisted of the usual rations of hard tack and salt horse (as the salt beef is termed), moistened with panikins of black tea.

“Clear away, Biddy!” shouted one, when all had finished. “We are to have Fogg’s yarn this dog-watch!”

Here, I must explain that “Biddy” was not an Irish maid-of-all-work, but a stalwart seaman. One man, in each watch, daily takes charge of the food and tins—fetches the former from the galley, and washes up and carefully puts away the latter.

The Biddy, after some grunting, arose and began his task.

Picking up a small tub (called a kid), he said, “Here, you fellers; there’s nothin’ but bones left in the beef-kid; who is agoin’ to say grace?”

“Say it yerself, Bill!” exclaimed a chorus of voices.

“All right, mates!” answered the tar. “Caps off!”

The caps having been removed, Bill gravely commenced:—

“Salt horse! Salt horse! What brought you here?
You were carrying turf for many a year
‘Tween Bantry Bay and Ballyhack,
Till you fell down and hurt your back;
And you were old, and now no good.
So they salted you down for sailors’ food.
The sailors, they do you despise,
They pick you up, and blame your eyes:

They gnaw the flesh from off your bones,
Then heave the rest to Davy Jones.”

With the last word, Bill dexterously threw the contents of the beef-kid over the rail.

“Well done, Bill my hearty!” exclaimed one of the seamen, “Yer did that splendid. Take my advice and bear up for the church: take out a parson’s stificate, old man—you’re cut out for it.”

“Well!” answered Bill, as he began fishing the tin plates out of a bucket of hot water, “I won’t go for to say I’m not rayther inclined that way, but I’m afraid I’d never get used to the long toggery.” Here the speaker burst into a loud guffaw at his own conceit. This of course sounds very childish, but sailors, in many respects are nothing but grown up children.

“Now then, Fog! We’re ready for that yarn!” shouted a sailor.

“Hurrah for old Quebec!” sang out another. “Come along Fogg!”

A tall, slight man, with a rather heavy, military-looking moustache and carefully trimmed beard, came out of the forecastle—a man who was such a remarkable contrast to the rough English tars as to make anyone look twice at him.

His name was William Foggerty, a Canadian, and — a mystery to his shipmates.

One day, in turning out his chest, a photograph, unperceived by him, fell to the deck, and one of his mates finding it shortly after, was perfectly dumbfounded to find himself face to face with “Fogg” in the uniform of an officer of militia.

Foggerty was so evidently vexed at it having been seen, that, with rare

delicacy, they forbore all attempts at questioning him.

The others having filled their pipes, Fogg seated himself on the foremast fiferail and began :

"I am not good at spinning yarns, boys, but I will do my best—the same as I do when we reef topsails."

"Quite right!" ejaculated an old tar, "You're gettin' along wunnerful well up aloft, so fire away my lad."

"Well then," said Foggerty, "To begin with, you must understand I am neither a blue-nose nor yet a herring-back, as I've heard some of you call me, neither do I hail from Quebec."

"I was born at a certain fortified town, inland, on the shores of one of the great lakes, on which I gained what knowledge I possess of sailor-ing.

"There is no need for me to dwell long over this part of my history, but I may as well say that a few years ago I had a bitter trouble, and home being distasteful to me, my whole aim was to get away from my native place. I had some money, but not enough to keep me in idleness, so I determined to take up with a life on the water.

"With this resolution, I went to Detroit, and soon got a berth as steersman, or quartermaster, as you call it.

"I followed this for about two years till I got a certain amount of experience in seamanship, and then, in company with a young English saltwater sailor who had found his way to the lakes, I went to St. John, New Brunswick, with the intention of sailing on ocean vessels.

"We reached St. John at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and at once made our way down towards the wharves. As we were going along a street called Prince William-street, we noticed a small, one-storied building with the sign up, 'Meals at all hours.' As, in addition to travelling all night, we had not yet breakfasted, so consequently were both tired and hungry, we turned into this place and enquired if we could get a meal.

"The proprietor assured us we should have a good dinner inside of a few minutes, and we soon heard him giving orders to the cook, who was evidently a man.

"Some few men were eating at a long table, but took no notice of us as we seated ourselves in chairs near the door.

"'Foggerty,' whispered my companion—'I don't like the look of that chap—there is something crooked about him to my mind.'

"'Yes,' I answered. 'He squints; I don't think there is anything else the matter.'

"'Boys!' said a voice behind us, 'I see yez are strangers, so I have had the *male* put up for you in my own room.'

"It was the proprietor who spoke, having entered unperceived, and in consequence must have heard our remarks.

"However, he made no sign, and we followed him into a little room which looked cosy and clean compared with the big outer dining-room. While we were enjoying our meal, he informed us his name was Flanagan, and also that his wife occasionally took in respectable sailors as boarders.

"'Where on earth do you put them to sleep?' enquired my chum (whose name, by the way, was Greenwood).

"'Aha!' laughed Flanagan, 'there is only the cook sleeps here; our house is away over yonder near the water. So if you have a mind to take a room, you can do so at eight dollars a week—take it or leave it,' said he, with a flourish of his hands.

"We told him we would not decide before evening, as we wanted to see the town and take a general look round after seeing to our baggage.

"'Just as ye like, b'yes! Just as ye like!' he replied, in an off-hand manner. 'But tell me now,' he continued, with a puzzled look, 'Have yez just come in on some ship or other?'

"After explaining that we came from the lakes, Greenwood asked if the shipping was good.

"Yes, fairly good?" answered Flanagan. "I am often applied to by captains for men. If yez like to give me your names I'll keep a look-out for you—that is to say," he added, "for the usual consideration. Nothin' for nothin' is my motto."

Promising to return to supper, we strolled out and proceeded up town. I do not know if either of you fellows have ever been to St. John; if you have, you will agree with me that it is a very pretty town. One very fine street (I forgot its name), leads up the side of a hill from the wharves, and the summit is crowned by a nicely laid-out little park.

While sitting here, admiring the view, Greenwood again mentioned his dislike of our host, and suggested that we should not return to his place.

"I certainly did not admire his looks myself, but it seemed to me to be rather soon to say a man was a bad rascal after seeing him for only a few minutes; and as we had promised to go back, I held we were bound to do so.

"All right," grumbled Greenwood, "Have your own way, and if we get into a serape I promise not to say, 'I told you so!'

We prowled around till supper-time, and then again betook ourselves to Mr. Flanagan, who greeted us very effusively, and, as a special mark of favor, again gave us our meal in his private room, this time sitting down with us.

He was in (what no doubt he considered) a jolly mood, and his tongue ran at a rate of knots. Yarn followed yarn, till I began to think he would keep it up all the evening. As for Greenwood, he maintained a grim silence, the only time he spoke being when he sarcastically asked Mr. Flanagan if he always entertained his guests as well as he was entertaining us.

"This started our long-winded com-

panion on another tack, protesting that it was seldom he had seen two men he liked so much the appearance of.

"Well, b'yess" he said at last, "have yez determined what ye will do?"

"Yes," I replied, in response to a nod from my friend, "We will stay with you for a few days till we get a ship."

I could not help thinking he looked very well satisfied with our decision, and also not quite so satisfied, when, having enquired where our *dunnage* was, we answered that we had left it at the station, and intended keeping the checks for a few days, as there was nothing we needed particularly.

"But sure," said he, "there will be something or other yez will be needing, and if ye let me have the checks, I'll get the stuff sent up to the house to wunce."

Very fortunately for us, we resisted his offers, and intimated our desire to be conducted to his house as soon as convenient.

"Well lads, seeing ye've no traps wid ye, av coarse it will not be thought unreasonable if I ax ye to pay a week in advance, for by the powers I've been did so often, that I don't care to run risks. Besides, what proof have I that ye've got baggage at the station?"

"Look here, now!" said Greenwood, "Here are our checks, you can examine them, and that should satisfy you. We're not going to pay any week's board in advance, but we will pay each day, the first thing in the morning—if you don't like it, say so, and we can soon go elsewhere."

Seeing us thus independent, he finally agreed to our plan, and rather crossly remarked that he would send a note to his wife, telling her to prepare a room for us.

He soon slashed off a few lines of heavy sprawling-looking writing, and dried it on a new pad of blotting-paper which lay beside him. As he rose to go out, Greenwood asked if he might be allowed to write a letter while we

were waiting, and, receiving permission, took the seat Flanagan had left. His first act, as soon as the door had closed behind the boarding-boss, was to quietly tear off the top sheet from the blotter and put it in his pocket, next he scrawled some heavy characters over two or three pieces of note-paper, and dried them on the clean pad. I was on the point of asking him what he was doing this for, when he signed to me to be silent, and fell to writing a letter in real earnest. In about an hour a boy appeared at the door and announced that Mr. Flanagan had gone aboard one of the ships, and had sent him to conduct us to our lodgings.

"We were soon ready to accompany our guide, and on reaching the house were admitted by a slovenly-looking servant, who shewed us into a rather well-furnished parlor; telling us the 'missus' said we were to make ourselves at home.

"Well then, my dear," said Greenwood, "kindly give us a light, and shew us to our room, so that we can get a wash."

"The girl did not at all object to his familiar manner of addressing her, but smilingly said she would do so at once.

"We found we were to sleep in a double-bedded room, rather better than some I have since seen in sailors' boarding-houses, but for all that it was none too large, nor too well furnished.

"When the girl had gone, I at once tackled my chum about his strange behavior in regard to the blotting-paper, asking what on earth he intended doing, and declaring that I did not think it was at all honorable of him to pry into another man's correspondence.

"'Possibly not!' he replied coolly, 'but I distrust that joker, and you want to find out if he deserves it.'

Placing the lamp on the dressing-table, he carefully smoothed out the piece of paper and holding it up to the

looking-glass, read its contents on the reflection.

"'Come here, Foggerty!' he whispered. 'It's worse than I expected, but perhaps I can think of a plan to outwit him.'

"I leaned over his shoulder and read the letter, but it did not make me much wiser, although I could plainly see some rascality was intended. As nearly as I remember, it ran something like this:—

"'I am sending you two boarders, and you must be very careful not to scare them. Look sharp after the shortest one: he's up to tricks, but I think I can ship them to-night. Put the shanghai medicine in the left-hand corner of the sideboard (they drink Scotch whiskey), and put a little in a decanter on the right-hand side. Don't put too much—about four drinks or so in each. On second thoughts, you had better not see them: you might talk too much, and one of them is sharp.'

"'Well, what is shanghai medicine?' I enquired.

"My friend stared at me as he asked: 'Don't you know what it means to be shanghaed?'

"I confessed that although I had often heard the term used, I did not exactly know what it meant.

"He then explained that if our worthy friend intended to shanghai us, he would get two crimps to sign a ship's articles, most probably in our names, draw a month's pay in advance, and when the time came for them to be aboard, we should be drugged and shipped instead; a few rags put in a bag would be sent with us as our clothes, the rascally land-shark keeping possession of all our belongings.

"'That's all very well,' said I, 'but if that happened to me, I would take precious good care to get back to this or any other port at which it occurred, and prosecute the rascals for abduction.'

"'And for all the good you would get out of it,' retorted Greenwood, 'you might as well leave it alone

Law isn't meant for sailors of the merchant service, except when they mutiny or refuse duty.'

"The next question," continued Greenwood, "is how to circumvent the swab. How the deuce did he know we preferred Scotch whiskey?"

"That is very easily understood," I replied. "Don't you remember we were talking at dinner-time about Jamaica rum, and we both agreed we should like it much better if they served out Scotch whiskey aboard ships."

"Yes, I remember," said my friend, and it was he that started the topic—with the purpose, of course, of finding out what our preference was. Come, let us go down stairs—I have a plan, but am not sure if it is workable."

"I suggested we should leave the house at once; but this Greenwood would not hear of. He said he was going to try to beat the rascal at his own game.

"We went down into the parlor, laughing and talking in a careless manner, so as not to arouse any suspicion in case we were watched. The servant met us in the hall, again saying the 'missus' desired us to make ourselves at home. 'The Boss will not be in for about half an hour, but you will find plenty of papers and magazines, in case you care to read.'

"There was a lamp burning in the room, and piles of illustrated papers and magazines placed on the table. A large sideboard stood in one corner covered with glasses, and further embellished with some trumpery-looking plated ware.

"Giving me a significant look, Greenwood lounged carelessly round the room, talking loudly about the different pictures and ornaments, till he reached the sideboard. The doors were locked, but the key was there, and a burglar never turned a key more cautiously and cleverly than did my chum at that moment. Without the slightest noise he opened the door, and while talking (rather too loudly, I

thought) about a sea view on the wall near him, pointed triumphantly to the two decanters exposed to view.

"The next instant he had changed their positions, and was quietly shutting the doors.

"Put the shanghai medicine in the left-hand corner," he whispered. "We'll give the confounded crimp a dose of his own stuff, and I hope he will enjoy the headache he will have in the morning. When he is well-loaded, we will clear out."

"As nothing more was to be done, according to this plan, till our worthy landlord arrived, we lighted our pipes and looked over some of the papers.

"I am not at all sure that I enjoyed this adventure, for I was quite new to such phases of a sailor's life; but my friend smoked and read as unconcernedly as though we were berthed in the most respectable house in the Dominion of Canada.

"Presently we heard the front door open, and very soon Mr. Flanagan entered the room, accompanied by a villainous-looking fellow, such as would be hard to find outside a seaport town. This worthy was introduced to us as his brother-in-law, Mr. Morrison. The fellow shook hands with us with great warmth, and began questioning us about our life on the lakes.

"Both men had evidently had a good deal to drink, but were not by any means incapacitated. After a little while Flanagan arose and said he would tell the women to go to bed: 'and then,' said he with a half-drunk-en grin, 'we'll mix our night-caps.' He soon returned, carrying a small jug of hot water; and while the door was open, I heard a noise as of two slip-shod women ascending the stairs.

"Now, b'yess, what will ye have?" asked Flanagan, as he opened the sideboard.

"I should prefer Scotch whiskey," announced Greenwood; "but if that is not convenient, I can take something else."

"If it is all the same, I would

rather have a little brandy,' said I 'but I am not particular.'

"Well, b'yes, here's some Scotch whiskey, as good as any ye can get in St. John," said our host; "just taste it, Mister Fogerty, and if yez don't like it, I will see if I can foind ye some brandy."

"As he spoke, he produced the decanter from the left-hand corner of the sideboard, and poured out for each of us a moderate dose. We added a little hot water and sugar, and then at his suggestion squeezed in some lemon juice.

"I guess, Mike," said he, with a grin, as he fetched out the other decanter, "we'll have to content ourselves with some Oirish. There is not enough Scotch to go round."

"We supped our grog unconcernedly, and praised the quality.

Flanagan poured out two stiff bumpers of the medicine, and, after a plentiful flavoring of lemon, pushed one over to his friend, Mr. Morrison.

"Yes," said Greenwood. "This is very good Scotch, but it has a rather peculiar taste."

"It'll be the wood, me b'ye," hastily exclaimed Flanagan, as he drained his own glass. "Take a little more lemon."

Morrison had already finished his glass and was looking dubiously at the dregs. "Seems to me, Flan," he growled, "it does not taste altogether right. You didn't make any mistake, did you?"

"Mistake, nothin'," ejaculated Flanagan, with a cunning look. "Think I don't know Scotch from Irish? It's what you have drunk before has put your mouth out of taste. Take another and it will be all right. Go easy, now: leave some for me, and remember you've got a walk ahead of you."

Noticing that Greenwood was feigning a half-t tipsy attitude, I did my best to imitate him, for I saw Flanagan was watching us as closely as the liquor he had imbibed would allow. So when our kind entertainer

offered to refill our glasses, I held mine out as eagerly as did Greenwood.

"The second drink was beginning to have a very visible effect on the two crimps—both seemed to have an inclination to sleep. Just then, Greenwood rolled off his chair with a crash, and lay on the floor breathing heavily.

Flanagan gave a drowsy chuckle, and then suddenly exclaimed: "D—if I don't believe the confounded woman has fixed both!"

"Both what?" growled the amiable Morrison.

"Both-both-de-de," muttered Flanagan. He had risen to his feet apparently with the intention of going to the door, but, losing his balance, he fell over his brother-in-law, and they rolled on the floor together.

After a few minutes' quietness, Greenwood cautiously picked himself up, nearly choking with suppressed laughter.

"Come," he said. "Let us clear out. It will not do to be found here."

Before I could reply, there was a ring at the door.

We looked at one another in dismay—we were certainly in a tight box now.

"Come with me to the door," whispered Greenwood, "and see what turns up. Be ready for a run."

When we opened the door, we found ourselves confronted by a burly-looking seaman—a mate or captain by his dress.

"Good evening," said he. "Is this the place where the two hands are staying who shipped to-day on the American ship, the *Indian Maid*?"

To my horror, Greenwood answered, "Yes! But they are both in the parlor dead drunk. I don't think they can get aboard to-night."

"Oh! they'll have to; we go out with the tide at two o'clock. Wait here; my boat is at the wharf across the street. I will go and fetch two of the fellows up, and we will carry them down."

"While he was gone we went in and surveyed the intended victims. They were sound asleep. Fortunately they were dressed nearly enough like sailors to pass muster while they were under the effects of the drug. So we clapped their soft felt hats on their heads, and waited for the mate's return.

"We had left the door ajar; so he came right in accompanied by two strong chaps, who at once picked up Flanagan and carried him off, Greenwood and I following with Morrison. When our burdens were safely deposited in the boat, the mate stepped back on the wharf, and motioned us to follow him. On reaching the street he stopped, and facing us, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"'Oh, boys,' he gasped, at last, 'this is the best joke I've heard of for many a day. D'ye think I didn't see through it? I know the faces of those two damnable crimps as well as I know my own father's. They tried to shanghai you, didn't they, and you turned the tables on them? This is rich! We're bound to Callao, and by the great horn spoon I'll make sailors of them before they get back. I'll fix it with our skipper. He's a good fellow, but dead on crimps.'

"Now, look here, boys," he continued, "what can I do for you?"

"Tell us if you know of any ship that is going to sail soon, and is needing men," Greenwood replied.

"After some reflection, he said, 'I have it! There's a London ship lying at —— wharf, bound to Barbadoes to load sugar for England. She sails the day after to-morrow, if she can get men. Now, that's your plan, lads.

Good-bye! Keep a quiet tongue about this affair till after you leave St. John.' And with a cordial handshake the genial American left us.

"You may depend we did not wait around there very long, but cleared off up town to a decent hotel which we had noticed during our walk in the afternoon.

"Early the next morning we went down to see the captain of the *West Indian*; and he said what he wanted was a first mate and one foremast hand.

"You may imagine how very surprised I felt when Greenwood answered 'I should like to offer myself as chief mate. I was suspended for a year on account of a collision, and the time is more than up.'

"'Humph!' said the captain. 'That is not much of a recommendation. What was the collision?'

"'Between the *Penguin* and the *Royal Tur*, in the Channel,' answered Greenwood.

"'Ah! Which vessel were you on?'

"'The *Royal*,' replied my friend.

"'In that case I'll take you, for I read the report very carefully; and I know of several shipmasters who agreed with me that you were unjustly treated.'

"That ended the matter for Greenwood, and I shipped before the mast.

* * * * *

"There, boys," said Fogarty, "that's the way we shanghaed the crimps."

"Mates!" said one of the seamen, "I axed Bill just now why he didn't bear up for the church. But now I say this—our shipmate will be in parlayment yet, for he's a born *horator*."



ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

If the night-skies be clear, which is not always the case in Canada, the month of December is one of the best in the year for astronomical work. Such constellations as those of Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Perseus, Taurus, Orion, Lyra, Aries, Gemini, Canis Major and Canis Minor, with their hundreds of objects worthy of attention, are well situated, during some portion of every night, for observation. Then, too, planets which come into opposition in the autumn and winter months are always, in these latitudes, seen to better advantage than when they are in opposition in the spring and summer months. For instance, Mars and Jupiter are almost perfectly placed just now for study. The nights being longer, there are more hours for work, and, if the air be free from moisture, the seeing is generally better than at other seasons of the year. For this reason, a clear and cold and even frosty night often presents advantages of a high order.

During the first half of the month, Mercury may be visible between six and seven o'clock in the morning. His position will be in the south-east; on the 10th he will rise near the bright star Beta-one (β 1) Scorpii. At this as at all other elongations, the planet, in the telescope, will appear as a half-moon. Venus is an evening star, but too near the Sun for observation.

Mars is still in excellent position for examination, as he comes to the meridian early in the evening. Already some interesting reports respecting this planet are being received from the greater observatories. The south-polar ice-cap was invisible in fine telescopes so early as the 16th of October, said to be almost unprecedented so far as speedy melting away is concerned, the Martian summer being now at its height in the planet's southern hemisphere. The surface workings are being mapped at many observatories, and to judge by the drawings, appear very differently to different observers.

Jupiter is rapidly assuming the place of first importance, an importance that will increase as Mars begins to set earlier and earlier, and that will increase until Saturn comes into a good position, which will be about the time Jupiter, in turn, passes away

from our skies. This magnificent object will be in opposition to the Sun, that is, in a line with the Earth and Sun, on the 22nd. He will then be visible all night. The belts and spots on Jupiter are of interest to every observer, and may be seen in moderately powerful telescopes. The satellites are visible in almost any telescope and are easily followed, as they continuously change their places with reference to the planet and to each other. Their transits, eclipses, and occultations are predicted to the minute, and tables of these predictions may be obtained from the almanacs. The transits of Satellite III, the largest of the moons, are usually worthy of observation, the moon, as well as its shadow, sometimes crossing the face of the planet as a very dark body. One of these transits, easily observed, will occur on the night of the 27th. The satellite will enter on the disc of Jupiter about 5.30 o'clock, and be followed by its shadow about 6. Both of these will be steadily visible on the face of Jupiter until about 6.30, in the case of the moon, and about 9, in the case of the shadow. Another object of interest is the great red spot which, or at least the position of which in the great southern belt, should be seen to be central in the planet about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, and continuously thereafter at intervals of 9 hours and 55 minutes. For those who use small telescopes, it may be noted that the moons will be west of the planet at midnight on the 23rd and 30th instant, and 18th and 31st instant.

But of all celestial objects for the observer with telescopes of low power, none approaches our own moon, which is certain to be well-placed in December, especially after the first quarter. In addition to the usual lunar train of interesting events, there will be on night of the 10th and 11th instant, the unusual spectacle of an occultation of the Pleiades. The moon will reach the immediate vicinity of these stars shortly after midnight; the first occultation will occur about 1.30 a.m. The moon will be nearly full, but still, in a good telescope, there will be enough of the dark edge left to blot out the stars before the moon appears actually to touch them.—G. E. L.



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Drawn for the Canadian Magazine
by Frederic W. Fields.

Canada's New Year Arrives.

